THE STEP-MOTHER,

A

Tragi-Comedy,

Acted with great Applauſe at the Theatre in Little *Lincolns-Inn*-Fields,

By His Highneſs the DUKE *of* YORK's *Servants.*

Wrote by Sr Robt Stapleton
for the 2d Prologue.

[Stapylton, Sir Robert
...]

LONDON,

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THE

STATIONER

TO THE

READER.

Noble Readers,

AMong the many *Publick Benefits* wherein these Times are happier than the former Ages, I presume, it pleases you to see the Improvement of the Stage. Playes are now acted that delight Spectators, without *Immodesty*, or *Prophaneness*: two rocks, on which heretofore divers excellent Authours

ſplit themſelves, and caſt ſuch an odium upon drammatick Preſentments, that the beſt perſons ſhun'd them, as the worſt of recreations. Whereas our Theatres (reformed, as well as beautified) are by all frequented, as the great Schools of Moral Virtue. But I have brought you to the Houſe, 'tis not good manners to keep you at door; be pleaſed to enter, and accept of this Impreſsion, from

Your Servant,

T. T.

THE

THE PROLOGUE TO THE KING, At the COCKPIT at *White-Hall*.

SIR, *by the humble Writer I am ſent*
To move you in a Suit by Preſident,
That you will pleaſe, like Charles *the* 5th, *to lay*
Aſide (*this Night*) *the Buſineſs of the Day,*
And look upon ſlight Images, far ſhort
Of thoſe preſented in that Emp'rour's Court;
For, Art does not our Powr ſo far inlarge,
That we can make two wooden armies *charge,*
Or a carv'd Sparrow *fly: but we do bring*
A Nightingale, *ſweet Philomel to ſing:*
And from old Verulam (*'mong Time's Decayes*
Shrunk to a name) *th'Inhabitants we raiſe,*
Who if in their new life they may invite
The beſt of Cæſars *to the leaſt Delight,*
To th Authour 'twill be ſuch a Joy, as none
Conceive, but only thoſe You ſmile upon.

THE

THE

PROLOGUE

To the STAGE.

What's here? so many Noble Persons met?
Nay then I see, this House will not be let,
Which by our Friends (from all parts of the Nation)
Is so well warm'd *after the long Vacation,*
Believe me, Ladies, the pure Country-air
Has made you fresh-complexion'd; and our Care
Shall be (whil'st you'r in London*) to expell*
Care from your hearts, that you may still *look well.*
Gentlemen, when we lay becalm'd, you walk'd
Over the pleasant Meades, bowl'd, hunted, hawk'd,
And having exercis'd your Bodies *thus,*
To recreate your Minds, *you come to us.*
Never were Friends more welcome---- if I may
Be bold to bid you welcome to a Play
Of your own making; I confess, 'tis writ
By th' Authour of The Slighted Maid, *and yet*
You'r th' Authours of it: for I heard him say,
When you encourag'd *that, you* made *this Play.*
And now, since to your selves your title's *known,*
We hope, you'l have a kindness for your Own.

THE

a

THE SCENE, VERULAM.

Persons represented.		Actors.
Sylvanus.	*Prince of* Verulam.	Mr. Sandford.
Filamor.	*His Son.*	Mr. Bettertun.
Adolph.	*Son to* Pontia, *by the Prince of* Malden.	Mr. Young.
Tetrick.	*Favourite to* Sylvanus.	Mr. Underhill.
Fromund.	Filamor's *Tutor.*	Mr. Price.
Crispus.	Pontia's *Generall.*	Mr. Smith.
Capito.	*His Lieutenant Generall.*	Mr. Metborn.
Gracchus, *and* Sergius.	*Two Gladiators, which the* Romans *call'd the* Retiarius *and* Sequutor.	Mr. Lovell, Mr. Rob. Noke.

Pontia.

Persons represented.		Actors.
Pontia.	*Princess of* Malden, *second Wife to* Sylvanus.	Mrs. Williams.
Cæsarina.	*Her Daughter by the Prince of* Malden.	Mrs. Bettertun.
Violinda.	*Daughter to* Sylvanus.	Mrs. Davies.
Brianella.	Pontia's *Favouritess.*	Mrs. Long.

Maskers.

The Instrumental, Vocal, and Recitative Musick, was compos'd by Mr. Lock.

Errata.

PAge 14. line 29. read *Britans.* p. 25. l. 5. r. for these words. p. 29. l. 23. r. let him know. p. 32. l. 15. r. [*Exit* Bri. p. 33. l. 22. r. strike. p. 40. l. 26. for *Tet.* read *Fro.* p. 44. l. 17. r. makes. p. 44. l. 20. r. [they dance. p. 47. l. 21. r. kill. p. 51. l. 26. for, *Violinda,* r. *Cæsarina.* p. 88. l. 22. r. sow'd. page the last, line 2. read, cry'd him.

THE

THE

STEP-MOTHER:

A

Tragi-Comedy.

Actus Primus.

Enter Filamor *and* Fromund *in a Garden,* Tetrick *walking alone, and reading.*

Fil. NO, *Fromund*, I have had too many proofs
Of thy Fidelity, to doubt it now.
Fro. Sir, if you were not *Filamor*, nor Son
To my Prince, if I were not your sworn Servant;
Without relation, meerly for your Virtues,
Fromund would sacrifice his life to serve you
In this Design against your Step-Mother,
Your envious and imperious Step-Mother,
Who rules your Father, and would ruine You.

Fil. The difficulty of the work will be,
When we have got my Father to the Woods,
How we ſhall keep him there: for ſince he marry'd
This Woman, ſhe has maſter'd both his Courage
And Reaſon; ſhe governs his very Soul,
He cannot live without her.

Fro. There's the man
Whoſe pow'r can ballance hers, for your Old Father
Dotes but on two, his Wife and that great Scholar
My Friend.

Fil. And you can make him ours.

Fro. Not I,
What I am to preſent him from your Highneſs
Will make him Yours.

Fil. Firm?

Fro. If he once ingages
Nothing can alter him, he's an honeſt man,
Peeviſh, but (to our comfort) Covetous:
Yet he'l not take a Bribe to do unjuſtly;
But if he be imploy'd, he will be pay'd,
This Gold and this rich Book will ſweeten him.

Fil. Attacque him; I wait for my ſevere Miſtreſs,
'Tis Princeſs *Cæſarina*'s walking-time.

[*Exit* Filamor.

[Fromund *claps* Tetrick *on the Back.*

Tetrick. The Prince's Tutor? Well return'd to *Britain.*

Fro. Our good old Maſter's Favorite, learn'd *Tetrick.*

Tet. Out of what Region have the Clowds dropt *Fromund?*
Where all this while wert thou and our young Prince?

Fro. We liv'd where Grapes grow, like our Crabs, in hedges,
Where every Tree looks lovelier then this Garden,

In

In *Italy*, the Paradiſe of Nature.

Tet. The plague of War conſume your Paradiſe;
The *Galls* over-run *Italy* again;
Ten thouſand Dropſies, Cramps and Gouts torment
That leg of earth.

Fro. Still ſnarling my friend *Tetrick?*

Tet. Men may well ſnarle when they are us'd like Dogs,
As we have been, by our *Italian* Maſters.

Fro. But now the *Roman* Legions are call'd back,
And we are free-men, *Britain* is old *Britain.*

Tet. But *Italy* is ſtill curſ'd *Italy*,
I would not hear thee praiſe it any more,
For twenty pieces of Imperial Gold.

Fro. I'l try what pow'r one piece has over you. [*aſide.*
This Medall (*Cæſar* grav'd in gold) I brought
From *Rome* for thee: and is not *Italy*
(Where theſe Flowers grow) a moſt delicious Country?

Tet. The Garden of the World! how blind was I,
That could not ſee the Beauty of *Italy*
Till I had wip'd my eyes with *Cæſar's* Picture;
Now I perceive the errour of my Judgment;
Why ſhould we hate Countries that hurt not us?
The *Roman* Yoke galls not our necks: you ſee
Our old Lord, Prince of *Verulam*, dares own
His Title: and what Curioſities
Has our young Prince brought from the Nurſery
Of Arms and Arts, ſweet *Italy?*

Fro. Rare Muſique;
And Voices, ſuch a Trebble and a Baſe——

Tet. How merrily ſhall we live—— pox o' the devill.

{ Pontia, Cæſarina, *and* Brianella
walk over the Stage.

There's the confoundreſs of thy Maſter's muſique,

Pluto could not have rak'd him out of hell
Such a *Step-Mother*, ſhe reigns o're his Father.
Fro. But the date of her Sovereign pow'r is out,
By this time the old Prince is in our hands,
We have him in the Woods.
Tet. And long you'l keep him;
His very firſt reflexion on the fury
Or flattery of's Wife, poſts him to Court,
He'l leave you.
Fro. 'Tis expected; therefore, *Tetrick*,
My Maſter has ſent me to ingage you,
If th'old Prince change his mind, you can perſwade him,
He believes all you ſay.
Tet. I believe nothing
You ſay, or do; your Plot's a ſcurvy Plot.
Fro. But you can mold it into a better form.
Tet. Nay, ſince you can begin your plots without me,
End e'm without me.
Fro. And ſhall I return
The Prince this anſwer?
Tet. Every ſyllable.
Fro. Shall I return his Princely Preſent too?
Tet. That is to be conſider'd of-----let's ſee't.
Fro. Alas, 'Tis only a poor Table-Book,
The cover is but Gold and ſet with Rubies,
Not worth your looking on
Tet. This needed not;
Without fee, I'd have been o'th' Prince's Counſel,
And the Cauſe ſhall go with him, never fear 't;
But they ſay, the Step-mother's inquiring
For Witches, they'l diſcover all we do.
Tro. That ſhe may ſeek no further, I have told
Her Favorite, my Miſtriſs *Brianella*,

That

That yeſternight there came into the Woods
A Bard, that's a Witch-maker :
Tet. Your Witch-maker
By any means muſt be attended by
A Conjurer and a Witch to learn their Trades.
Fro. I'l be the Witch, I think my face will ſerve ;
Tet. And Schollars make rare Conjurers, I'l play my part,
Come, bring me now to kiſſe your Maſters hand.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter *Pontia*, *Cæſarina*, and *Brianella*.

Pontia. Stir *Cæſarina*, only exerciſe,
Can prevent th' undermining of thy Colour
By the Green Sickneſs, that long gravel walk
Did alwayes pleaſe thee.
Cæſarina. When I was in breath,
But I'm grown too ſhort-winded for a walk
Of this length, Madam, I ſhall ne'r hold out.
Pon. One quarter of an hour, and I'l releaſe thee.

[*Exit Cæſarina.*

But *Brianella*, art thou ſure thou ſaw'ſt
Filamor in the Arbor ?
Brianella. At his Lute ;
With him a Flamen, and a winged Boy
That ſhould be *Cupid*, perhaps Prieſt and God
Will in ſome Dialogue preſent themſelves
To Princeſſe *Cæſarina* ; the Prince ſaid,
They ſhould ſing the Deſcription of a Triumph.
Pon. Then I ſhall now ſee whether *Filamor*
Continue ſtill his Love to *Cæſarina*,
And how ſhe looks on him after his Travails ;
Lets to the cloſe walk, my Son *Adolph*'s there.

[*Exit Pon.* and *Bri.*

Filamor

Filamor *discover'd in an Arbor, with a Lute in his hand; on either side the Arbor, on two pedestals,* Cupid *stands, and the* Flamen *kneels: as* Cæsarina *walks by they sing.*

Flamen. *Why unarm'd, poor* Cupid, *pr'y thee,*
Tell a Mortal how tis with thee?

Cupid. *To one Mortal, what another*
Has committed, may be told;
I am plunder'd, so's my Mother.

Fla. *What frail Man durst be so bold?*

Cup. *No, to make us more inglorious,*
Tis a Woman that's Victorious.

Fla. *Cæsarina?*

Cup. *They (who saw her)*
Say, she rides in Triumph here,
That my Mother's white Doves draw her
In their Chariot.

Fla. *Look, she's there.*

Cup. *How knowest thou?*

Fla. *By a sure Token,*
Thy Torch quench'd, and thy Bow broken,
Makes her Trophie; Captives follow.

Cup. *One Slave Sorrow's Livery wears,*
His Eyes sink, his Cheeks fall hollow,
In his Face his fate appears.

Fla. *That Slaves* Filamon; *no Lover*
Cæsarina *triumphs over,*
Suffers in Love's Cause so sadly,
Cupid *help?*

Cup, *I cannot do*
Him a favour; I would gladly:
But I am her Captive too.

Chorus.

Chorus.

The World's grown ſo ſtupid
That now 'tis in faſhion
To pray to God Cupid,
If a Man have a paſſion,
He that hopes for a Cure,
Muſt get it of Beauty,
Or elſe do his Duty.
That's Dye, or Indure.

Enter above *Pontia, Cæſarina, Adolph, Brianella.*

Adolph. Has *Filamor* been ſo long out of *Britain,*
To forget *Cæſarina* is your Daughter?
Court her without your leave?

Pon. Or thy conſent.

Ad. That's more then you know (by your favor, Madam)

Pon. He kneels, ſee. [*aſide.*

Ad. Hear him.

Fil. Heav'n is in your Eyes,
Diſorder not that beauty with a frown
On your Adorer; if my love diſpleaſe,
Be not offended with my gratitude,
I name you in my Hymnes, as ſhipwrack't men
Sing to the Deities which have preſerv'd them;
By virtue of that ſacred word, your Name,
I have out-liv'd the pains of death in abſence,
At my return to you, dearer then life,
Friends, Father, or our common Mother *Britain*;
Will you, for want of one poor ſmile, deſtroy me?

Cæ. Make not your ſelf a Supplicant to me,
Prince *Filamor*, kneel where you owe a Duty;
Kneel to the Gods, to grant you Underſtanding,

That

That you may ſee, I cannot love; and then
To one that can love you, apply your ſelf;
You have my counſel and reſolve.
Fil. For pity,
Leave me not to deſpair; though all my ſighs
Breath'd on the aire of *Italy*, were loſt
At ſuch a diſtance; now we'r met again;
May not pray'rs alter your ſevcrity?
Cæ. Can prayers alter a Decree of Fate?
Fil. Pray'rs joyn'd with ſervices: if *Verulam*
Open too narrow a Proſpect for your eye
I'l draw my ſword, and merit from my Country
Th'inlargement of our bounds.
Pon. He works upon
The humours of Ambition; I'm afraid
The Milk ſhe ſuckt from my Breaſt will betray her.
Cæ. To be the firſt on Mountains, in poor hovel's,
Rather then t'have the ſecond place in *Rome*,
Was *Cæſar*'s wiſh, but 'tis not *Cæſarina*'s;
Your Cottages cannot make me a Court;
I'm not like Ladies newly come to *London*,
Who from the vaſt height of *Diana's* Temple
Look down, and pleaſe their eyes with *little people*,
Objects, that are not magnify'd, I ſcorn;
The Prince that would diſcover his Dominions,
Let him turn the Proſpective Glaſs to me
At the right End, *great Subjects* I muſt ſee.
Pon. She yields?
Ad. For my friends ſake, would ſhe did yield.
Fil. Great Subjects! all our *Britiſh* Lords ſhall kneel
To *Cæſarina*; I have form'd it thus,
You know the *Kentiſh-men* have took up arms
Againſt the Trinobants, the *Londoners*;

Whilſt

Whilſt *Scots* and Borderers, with their *deadly feuds*,
Ingage the Northern parts in Civil Warr;
No ſooner from the *Roman* Slavery
This Iland's free, but we (like mad-men arm'd)
Die our white-feather'd ſhafts in our own blood;
Againſt theſe Enemies to the Publick Peace
I'l make a League, and fight my Country's battails,
Till I fix *Britain* in a Settlement.
Then, as the beſt means to keep Peace, (thus Purchas'd
By me) I may with confidence preſume,
The Wiſedome of the Nation for their King
Will chuſe their General; who ſhall lay down,
At *Cæſarina*'s feet, his *Britiſh* Crown.

Cæ. *Filamor*, you have had a pleaſing Dream,
And I was loath to wake you, till I found
My ſelf concern'd; *Britain* you may ſubdue,
If you fight well: but for your fancy'd Conqueſt
Of *Cæſarina*, let me undeceive you:
'Tis true, I have declar'd for Sovereignty,
The Title of a Queen I dote upon;
But if you offer'd me a Crown, I ſhould
Refuſe it as Gold poiſon'd by the giver.

Pon. Fly *Brianella*, and relieve my daughter,
She comes off bravely; tell her, I and *Adolph*
Stay for her; bid one call my Generall.

Exeunt Pon. Ad. *and* Bri.

Fil. Will you not love? then I'l revenge your hatred.

Cæ. Do, revenge.

Fil. On my ſelf, I feel my Spirits,
Like thoſe the Chymiſt is extracting, ſearch
Their brittle priſon, with a hope to find
Some Vent, and then to fly into the Wind.

Cæ. In that point you may uſe your own diſcretion.

Enter Brianella.

Bri. Madam, your Mother's in the Sicamor-Walk.
Cæ. I ſhall attend her. [*Exit* Cæſarina.
[*Enter* Fromund.
Bri. I'l ſtay, and get newes [*aſide.*
Out of my Servant. {*He whiſpers* Filamor.
Fro. *Tetrick* waits you, Sir;
With modells for a Mask, he has already
Made your Witch-maker's Propheſie; I'l play
A Witch, *Tetrick* will be a Conjurer,
Baſſus the Bard, and we'l ſhew your weak Father
What a pernitious Wife he doates upon: [*Exit* Filamor.
What ailes he now, that he has loſt his tongue?
Has not the Princeſs vex'd him?
Bri. Yes indeed.
Fro. And will not you vex me ſo?
Bri. No indeed,
For, you love me, you ſay:
Fro. I'l ſwear it, Madam. [out,
Bri. What will not men ſwear; but ſwear your heart
You never ſhall ſwear me out of my Reaſon.
Fro. Reaſon! I warrant, *Tetrick* reads to you
The Mathematicks, you think nothing certain
But Demonſtration.
Bri. Is Proof Demonſtration?
Nothing but Proof is certain.
Fro. Kiſſe me then,
And we will prove, that *One* and *Two* make *Three.*
Bri. I will not two and three, pray leave your *fooling.*
Fro. In *ſerious earneſt*, I would marry you.
Bri. Meaning my Fortune?

Fro.

Fro. Meaning *Brianella*;
Without a Portion you'r a Fortune, Madam.
Bri. Thou art a flatt'ring Knave, I doubt.
Fro. Reſolve
Your ſelf, pleaſe to lay your Commands upon me.
Bri. I've no Commands for you, but I've ſome Queſtions.
Fro. Which if I anſwer not-----
Bri. You'l hold your peace:
How many Duells did you fight at *Rome*?
Fro. But one.
Bri. Anſwer me like a Gentleman,
Was't for your Miſtris?
Fro. It concern'd You, Madam.
Bri. How do you look when you lie?
Fro. Not You alone,
But joyn'd with all our noble *Britiſh* Beauties,
Whoſe Honour a baſe *Roman* had traduc'd.
Bri. You kill'd him?
Pro. Your Cauſe ſlew him by my hand.
Bri. Modeſtly ſpoke; Had you no hurt?
Fro. He prickt
An Artery, which pos'd th' *Italian* Surgeons.
Bri. Since, you your ſelf have ſtudy'd Surgery?
Fro. Would all Gentlemen ſpent their time no worſe;
I have found out ſome Secrets.
Bri. You've a Powder,
VVhat do you call't?
Fro. The Sympathetick Powder.
Bri. Wil't cure the Tooth-ake?
Fro. Preſently; try, Madam.
Bri. No, it may prove Love-Pouder, then 'twill cauſe
The Heart-ake: in ſpight of my own and Love's teeth
I'l keep my heart whole. Now to my laſt Quære,

What deſign has your Charge upon the Princeſs,
I ſee in thy ſweet looks, there is ſome plotting.
Fro. Plotting of Masks.
Bri. Plotting of Knavery!
But I ſhall know't, my Lady will tell me,
And ſhe'l know't if there be a Witch in *Britain.*
Fro. What is thy Lady going to the Devill?
But let her go, for there's other way
To ſound the bottom of Prince *Filamor*,
He's forty fathom deep below my plummit,
She goes to a wiſewoman?
Bri. No, ſhe means
To go to a Wiſeman, to the VVitch-maker,
The Bard; who came laſt night into a Cave
In our VVoods, you ſhall bring me to the Bard.
Fro. Fie! the Bard ſings only to Princes Ears,
His Prentices, VVitches, and Conjurers
Anſwer Great Ladies; I'l commend you to
Th'old Witch that deals in Palmiſtry; but then
I'l be your husband.
Bri. VVho ſhall be my husband
The VVitch muſt tell me.
Fro. And that Witch I'l be. [*Exit* Fromund.

Enter Pontia, Adolph *and* Cæſarina.

Pon. I live again, my Children are become
Their Mother's Parents: when thou, my dear *Adolph*,
Look'dſt with the eyes of pious rage and ſcorn
Upon the Sacriledg of *Filamor*,
Who (without leave from me) durſt court thy Siſter,
Then my Soul clos'd in your dead Father's Urne,
Sprung from his aſhes; but when *Cæſarina*
Stood the temptation of a Showre of Gold,

Such

Such as the Poets dream'd not of, a Crown
Offer'd her by a Prince, wiſe, young and handſome;
But yet my Enemy, then I felt the joys
Of Immortality, to ſee my ſelf
Mother to a Beauty, born to revenge me
Upon a Villain.

Ad. Villain? then Fame is——

Pon. Filamor's Fool. Before he went to *Rome*,
Filamor had the art of coz'ning Fame:
For with a Rebels Impudence he mask't
Foul Treaſons under fair and ſpecious Names:
The diſimpowering me to rule my Husband
(An affront not to be forgiv'n) he call'd
Friendſhip to *Adolph*, Love to *Cæſarina*:
He's now return'd improv'd in Villany,
Therefore tis time he went a longer Voyage.

Ad. And whether will you ſend him now?

Pon. To Hell:
Nor ſhall he go ſo far alone; his Father,
Sylvanus. And his Siſter *Violinda*
Shall bear him Company; th' indignity,
He would have put on me, ſhall ruine him
And his whole Family; I did not think
(When this Match with *Sylvanus* was firſt treated)
Occaſion durſt be giv'n, but I reſolv'd
It ſhould be taken; for I that was born
A Prince, and no mean Beauty, certainly
Would never have bury'd my ſelf alive
In the cold Grave of an Old Prince's Bed,
But to riſe up with his Crown on my head.
The principality of *Verulam*,
Which I am marry'd to, I'l joyn to that
Of *Malden*, which is my Inheritance.

Cæ. Madam

Cæ. But Madam, is this Juſtice?
Pon. Give me Pow'r,
Let honeſt men, that go to Law, have Juſtice:
Subjects may plead their Titles, Princes muſt
Diſpute what's Advantageous, not what's Juſt:
A Crown he merits, who piles Tow'r on Tow'r
To ſcale the Stars, and riffle Soveraign Pow'r:
But he that puts himſelf into a fright
With empty ſounds, meer Terms of Wrong and Right,
Is fitter (when his Conſcience checks at them)
To wear a Mitre then a Diadem.

[Enter *Criſpus*, *Capito*, *Gracchus* and *Sergius*.

Bri. Madam, my Lord General,
Pon. My Lord,
Are not our Orders ſent away to *Malden*,
That I ſee your Lieutennant-General here?
Criſpus. Yeſterday your Expreſs came to his hand
In *Malden*.
Capito. Preſently I hors'd the Foot,
We march'd all night, and by the break of day
I brought your Army into *Barnet*-Woods,
Which is within a League of *Verulam*,
Where ſafe and undiſcover'd they are lodg'd
'Till my Lord General *Criſpus* pleaſe to come.
Pon. *Capito*, you 've been active in my Service,
Our thanks is but th' earneſt of your reward,
Ha! who are theſe?
Cri. Two of my Life-Guard,
Pon. Britains?
Cri. No, Madam, *Roman Gladiators*, Sword-men,
We call them Maſters of Defence,
Pon. Stout-men?

Cap. Men

Cap. Men that fear nothing, death's their play-fellow,
They dye upon the Stage to pleaſe Spectators,
Pon. But were theſe kind of men ever imploy'd
In a great Action?
Cri. In the Servile War;
They brought it to a meaſuring caſt at *Rome*,
Which ſhould Command in Chief the Lords or Slaves.
Pon. I'l have 'em for my own Guard, tell 'em ſo;
Cri. Gentlemen, tis the pleaſure of my Prince,
On the account of Valour and of Service,
To intruſt you with the Guard of her Perſon.
Sergius. Tis a high honour; *Gracchus*, I had rather
Be truſted with her Daughter,
Gracchus. So had I:
Pox, that a Swan's Neſt, this poor Iland ſhould
Have more great Beauties then the ſever'd World.
Ser. That narrow Seas ſhould breed ſuch Venuses,
Gra. That Brittiſh Whales ſhould play with ſuch ſweet Mermaids.
Pon. We make ſhort Meales, you may dine ere you go.
Cri. Tis paſt Twelve, if by One we be a Horſe-back,
We ſhall return by Three to do your Work.
Pon. Then you'l have time to hear what good ſucceſs
The Brittiſh Bard will promiſe, do you look
Your General's Commiſſion be drawn up
For the Conqueſt of *Verulam*; come my Lord.
[Exeunt *Pon. Cri. Cap. Bri. Grac.* and *Ser.*

Adolph. and *Cæſarina.*

Cæ. My Mother us'd to give us better Precepts,
Ad. She was good-natur'd, and had ſenſe of Honour,
Cæ. And of Religion; but now ſhe leaves
The Temples of the Gods, to conſult Witches,

As

As *Brianella* tells me; I suppose
The General must go with her, she knows we
Are for no such black Voyages, tis strange
The General should, for he's a man of Honour.
Ad. Was not our Mother once as strict as he
In point of Honour, but she's chang'd; this comes
Of Malice; Sister, take you heed of Malice,
Outside and inside you'r my Mother's Picture,
In hate to *Filamor* you resemble her.
Cæ. I have th' ayr of her Face, not of her Vices;
I love not *Filamor*, as you do, Brother,
But would not be his murdress, like my Mother.
Ad. You would not with a Dart or Poniard kill
Prince *Filamor*, but with a Frown you will:
It were an Honour by your *Hand* to dye,
My Friend falls sadly, murder'd by your *Eye*.
Cæ. Can he be murder'd, who has pow'r to live?
Ad. He has no pow'r, but what you please to give:
Lov'd Sister, save my dear Friend's life, and make
The noblest person happy, for my sake.
Cæ. Can you (who to a Brother's love pretend)
Ruine your Sister to preserve your Friend?
Ad. Ruine my Sister?
Cæ. Free Love forc'd, destroys
More then our Fortunes, or our Lives, our Joyes;
I'l here no more on't.
Ad. So, you'l part in anger,
And take this fair occasion to break promise?
Cæ. In what?
Ad. Did not you promise me, to beg
Princesse *Violindas*'s Picture?
Cæ. For my self?
But you shall have it.

Ad. Thou

Ad. Thou art my best Sister.

Cæ. But if I get y' her Picture, you must do
Something for me.

Ad. Something, nay any thing ;
Still my best Sister.

Cæ. But when I enjoyn you
To take off him, for whom you thus torment me, [*aside*
I shall be yout worst Sister ; for this Picture,
You will do whatsoever I Command ?

Ad. Give me her Picture, and command my Life.

Cæ. A Lover's life ? what's that ? some Authors say,
You 've one to keep, and eight to give away :
Muster your nine Lives, Brother, if you'l stand
My Charge, for 'tis your Patience I'l Command.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Sylvanus, Filamor, *and* Violinda *in the Woods.*

Syl. BLessing on Blessing fall upon my Son,
Faster then tears fall from my Eyes for Joy
To see thee in my Arms, I'l keep thee here,
Thou shalt travail no more.

Fil. Yes, if I say,
That 'tis not fit your wife should govern you.

Syl. Alas ! I could not eat nor sleep in quiet,
Till I had told her, that 'twas thy advice :
Excuse the weakness of thy Father's age,
I was not born a Cowr'd.

Fil. Your Valour, Sir
Is one of *Brinains* memorable Fortunes;
For when *Arcadius* and *Honorius* loſt
Their Laurell to the *Scots*, then you defeated
A Cohort of the Roman Horſe of *Malden*.

Syl. A man would think thoſe *Romans* ran away
With my commanding Pow'r, for, ever ſince
I marry'd *Pontia*, I've ſerv'd under her,
She ſhall obey me now.

Fil. Spoke like a Prince
That underſtands the duty of his Subjects.

Syl. I'l have no Governeſs—but if my wife
Knew of our Meeting—

Fil. What will your wife do?

Syl. She'l take 't unkindly, and I would not grieve her;
Becauſe ſhe Loves me; ſhe'l not ſtay thus long
From me— by this ſhe's in my Bed-Chamber,
And miſſes me.

Fil. No, Sir, no Creature comes
Into your Bed-Chamber, the doors are bolted,
And your Phyſitians (fee'd by me) give out,
You reſted not laſt Night, and have took ſomething
To procure ſleep.

Syl. Then *Filamor* makes this
A day of happineſs to his old Father.

Fil. Sir, you'l make this day happy to your Children,
If you'l lay your Commands on *Violinda*
To Love her Servant, my brave Friend, Prince *Adolph*:
I am a Suitor for him.

Syl. So am I,
And two ſuch Suitors muſt have no denial.

Violinda. My Brother knows, Sir, that I love Prince *Adolph*,
As much as he loves *Filamor*. *Syl.* Enough,

Syl. Enough,
'Tis enough in all conſcience, *Violinda.*
Fil. In conſcience: *Violinda* ſhould love him
As much as he loves her, he doats upon her.
Syl. Then I would have thee doat upon him too.
Vio. Adolph's my Brother's Friend, and *Cæſarina*
Is my Friend; Sir, for both I have a friendſhip:
But that I ſhould love *Cæſarina*'s Brother
Unleſs ſhe's loves my Brother, there's no reaſon.
Syl. No reaſon, Girl, I am for thee again.
Fil. Away, you triffler, you ſpin out the time,
Knowing I muſt prepare for th' entertainment
Of my *Step-Mother.*
Syl. Comes ſhe to the Wood,
Fil. Preſently.
Syl. My wife ſhall not come to me,
I'l go to her.
Fil. She ſhall not ſee you here,
Pray, ſtay, Sir.
Syl. Croſs me not; I vow I'l go.
[*Enter* Tetrick *like a Conjurer.*
Fil. I muſt call *Tetrick* to him: Come away
My Father's leaving us.
Tet. You never think
Of me, but when you'r at a loſs; I'l meddle
With no blown buſineſs.
Fil. Keep him in the Woods,
And I will make thee Lord of the whole Foreſt,
Tet. Excuſe, Original Infirmity,
My humour's peeviſh, Sir, but my hearts good;
I'l ſtop your Father's haſt: Sir, I muſt Charm you.
Syl. A Conjurer? I will ſo devill thee, [*he beats* Tetrick.

Tet. Hold, hold your hand Sir; I'm your Servant *Tetrick.*
Syl. Alas poor *Tetrick.*
Tet. I am juſtly puniſh'd
For looking ugly.
Syl. Follow me, thou know'ſt
My ſweet wife loves me.
Tet. That's the Queſtion, Sir
Be pleas'd to ſtay and you will hear 't determin'd;
Matter of Fact 's this, The Princeſs of *Malden*,
Your wife, intended to have dealt with Witches
For the bewitching you (ſome ſay) to death:
Your Son diverts her with the artifice
Of ſetting up (as ſhe thinks) a Witch-maker,
Call'd (for the ſinging of's Predictions)
The *Britiſh Bard*; as ſoon as ſhe has din'd
Your wife comes to the Bard's Cave, then you'l know
Whether ſhe loves or hates you.
Syl. Son, I'l ſtay;
But hide me from my wife.
Fil. She ſhall not ſee you. [*Exit* Syl. *and* Fil.
Tet. *Fromund*, I Conjure thee, appear O Witch.

Enter Fromund *like a Witch.*

All goes as well as heart can wiſh, th' old Prince
Is now ingag'd.
Fro. Yonder comes *Brianella*,
My Miſtreſs, with a Basket full of Plate,
Her Lady's offering to the *Britiſh* Bard:
You owe me thanks for 't, I hinted the Plate,
We muſt help one another,

Tet.

Tet. In requital { *Enter* Brianella, *and her Maid with a Basket.*
I'l make teee tell her Fortune; ſpeak out Siſter,
You do ſo mumble, what would y' have me do?
Fro. Move the great Witch-maker, the *Britiſh* Bard,
To inlarge my Commiſſion with power
Of Life and Death, over Plants, Beaſts, and Men.
Tet. What, what?
Fro. Sooner or latter, I am ſure,
I muſt come to the Faggot and the Fire;
Shall I be burn'd for nothing?
Tet. One year more
You muſt tell Fortunes by the Hand; next Spring
I'l move the Bard for you, pretty ſweet Siſter.
Fro. In the mean time, if I might but bewitch
Dumb Creatures, only *Monkeys*, *Cats*, and *Dogs*:
A ſcurvy proud young Widow, yeſternight,
Call'd me old Beldam, let me but bewitch
Her little Dog; though ſhe bears patiently
The loſs of a kind Husband, yet the death of
Her little Dog (I'm ſure) will break her heart.
Tet. Teach me? I'l pull thy noſe off, and that Dog
Shall eat it: go, take from that noble Lady
That Basket full of Plate, look in her hand
And tell her Fortune.

Enter Pontia, Criſpus, Gracchus *and* Sergius.

Fro. Your hand----I'm prevented.
Bri. But Mother, Mother, I hope we ſhall meet.
Fro. At the Mark-Beech, an hour hence.
Bri. I'l not fail.
O Madam! they know all things; the Magician

Could

Could tell me, 'twas a Basket full of Plate.

Pon. Miniſters of Fate, I come to know the Iſſue
Of a deſign of Blood.

Tet. My Song will fit her [*aſide.*
Madam, we'r not impowr'd to anſwer Princes,
That's reſerv'd for the Bard himſelf, who now

In the Bard's Cave is diſcovered a man with a grey beard, in a Ruſſet Gown, ſleeping with a Harp in his hand.

Lyes in a Trance: I'l hold up to his Soul
Your Princely Off'ring, with the names of thoſe
You vow to death, if you'l but write them down,
'Tis the Bard's Cuſtome.

Pon. Bring Pen, Ink and Paper. *She writes, and gives the Paper to* Tetrick *reads the Liſt.* Tetrick.

DIS MANIBUS. Pontia *devotes to hell*
Filamor, Violinda *and* Sylvanus.

Tet. So, I've her Treaſon, now, under her hand.

Pon. You'l wake him?

Tet. With our uſual Ceremony
Of Muſique and a Dance.

Tet. *and* From. *hold up to the Bard the Liſt and the Basket, to which* Sergius *points.*

Ser. Look you there Sirrha,
Barbara de pictis veni Baſcauda Britannis:
That *Britiſh* Baſcaud would ſell well at *Rome.*

Gracc. So would the pretty Maid that brought the Vaſcaud;
But Princeſs *Cæſarina* for my money.

Muſique.

Muſique.

Tetrick *and* Fromund *fall into a Dance, then comes in another Conjurer, and another Witch, and from under his Coat and her Gown, drop out two little Familiars, an he and a ſhe. At the end of this Antique, the Bard wakes, and ſings.*

The Bard's Song.

On the Poplars and Oaks
When the white Raven croaks,
And the crafty young Fox withdrawes,
With the fair Fawn
Through a green Lawn
Juſt into the Lion's pawes:
Then the Scene of Blood is acted;
Then the Wood-Nymphs run diſtracted;
The Mandrake ſhrieks,
The Moon's pale cheeks
Look dark;
But hark,
Braſſe Baſons and Trumpets are ſounding;
See, ſee, how ſoon
They thunder the Moon
Out of the Eclipſe ſhe was drown'd in.
What ſhould we fear?
The Sun ſhines clear;
No Miſt on the Hill,
Not a Clowd in the Skie:
The Lark ſings ſhrill,
And the Swallow flyes high.

The

The Scene of the Bard is ſhut up, Manent Pontia, Criſpus, Brianella, *and the Gladiators.*

Enter Capito *with the Commiſſion.*

Cap. The Generall's Commiſſion, under Seal.

Pon. You'r now impowr'd to conquer *Verulam*; { Pontia *gives the* *Commiſſion* *to* Criſpus.
What do you think of the ſucceſs preſag'd?
My Lord, what's your opinion of the Bard?

Criſpus, Firſt, Madam, give me leave to hear your judgment.

Pon. I take him to be ſomewhat more then humane,
He ſpeaks the Language of another World,
So well; that his expreſſions are all Picture;
The fair Fawn, the young Fox, and the white Raven
Is clearly my old Husband and his Children;
The Moon eclypſ'd that's I, whoſe light is drown'd
Till your victorious Drums and Trumpets ſound:
You have my ſenſe, give me your own; I know
Criſpus to be a man of ſo much worth,
He ſcorns to flatter any Prince; ſpeak freely.

Criſp. E're we end our diſcourſe, I'le clear that point:
She'l find I am no flatterer, I have watcht
A long time for this opportunity, [*aſide.*
To ſet a Looking-glaſs before her Soul:
Then freely (ſince I have it in command)
I think our *Druids* Prophets; but our *Bards*
(Like all the tribe of Fortune-tellers) Juglers.

Pon. Then you believe not this to be a Viſion;
What do you think it is?

Criſp. Intelligence
From his confederate Knaves; you are betray'd.

Pon.

Pon. And ſo, you would adviſe, not to proceed?
Criſp. Madam, had I been of your Cabinet-Counſel,
You ſhould not have begun it. What's your quarrell?
Th'Opinion, That Wives ſhould not rule their Husbands,
For words ſpoken by a Child (for then
Prince *Filamor* was not ſixteen years old,)
You'l ruine him, his Siſter, and your Husband;
Strange grounds for murdring Princes, and for Veſting
All their Dominions in your ſelf.
Pon. Yet, Sir,
Some Counſellors that are as wiſe as You,
Have approv'd both the Grounds and the Deſign.
Criſ. If by wiſe, your Highneſs means Politique,
I grant thoſe Counſellors were more wiſe than I:
For, my ſimplicity will never flatter
My Prince into a Deity; I cannot
Tell you, that Princes are exempted from
The Law of Nations; that Revenge and Murder
(Stains in the Meane) are Triumphs to the Great:
I cannot find out Preſidents for Injuſtice,
Nor inſtance (as your Flatterers have done)
That if particular Rights had been preſerv'd,
The World had been unconquer'd, *Macedon*
One private Kingdom ſtill, and *Rome* another.
Pon. What are the Maxims upon which you build?
Criſ. My Principles are Honeſty and Honour,
Jewels of value in a poor man's hand,
Ineſtimable in a Prince's Breaſt:
How happy our Poſterity will live
Under a Prince character'd by a Druid
Who prophecies that you little *Britiſh* Princes
Shall kneel to one King, and deſcribes him.

Pon. How?
May we hear the deſcription?
Criſp. I remember
So much as ſhews the great diſparity
Between You and that Monarch: Thus 't begins,
Now in *Britain* reigns a King,
Young and active as the Spring;
And pray obſerve it, Madam, thus it ends,
He has Valour, ſuch as might
For the whole World ſafely fight:
Wiſdome, which could rule it too;
But he's Juſt, and will not do
For a thouſand Worlds one Wrong:
Never did his ſpirit long,
On another Prince's Throne
(By meer Pow'r) to raiſe his own.
And ſo far, for any ends,
Is he from deſtroying Friends,
That ev'n his Enemies confeſſe
His Mercy to the Mercileſſe.
Make this Juſt King your Pattern.
Pon. Sawcy fool; *She ſtrikes the Commiſſion out of his hand.*
Deliver your Commiſſion; we ſhall chuſe
A Generall, not a Tutor.

Criſp. Humbly thus, *He layes down his Commiſſion at her feet.*
My publique Perſon I put off, and pray,
That, as a private man, I may be heard.
Pon. But not for your Commiſſion; young man,
You have a Succeſſor: he's in my eye;
Capito's our Generall.
Criſ. For him I move,
(In reference to your ſafety) that you'l put him

Into

Into immediate Action, elſe you'r loſt.
For (if I underſtand the Bard) you lie
Open to *Filamor*, your plot's betray'd,
Your life at ſtake: the Queſtion is not now,
On what ill Grounds you have begun, but how
(Being ingag'd) you may preſerve your Self.
That's a Juſt Cauſe, in which your niceſt Subject
May draw his Sword with honour.
Pon. And who worthier,
In a Juſt Cauſe, to be our Generall,
Then noble *Criſpus*? There, take your Commiſſion.
Criſ. No, Madam; as the *Romans* manumit
Their Slaves, you have freed *Criſpus* with a blow;
You ſtruck me, as men ſtrike their ſwounding friends,
To bring me to my Senſes: hitherto,
Devotion to your ſervice firſt, and then
My own concern (both as to Fame, and Fortune)
Gave me the trouble of diſtracted hopes:
Now all the lines of my Ambition
Meet in one little point (touch'd by your hand,)
I centre in my Self: fix'd to enjoy
The pleaſure of a private life; retirement
From ſplendor, and from Care, which preſſes in
To gilded Rooms; Porters at Prince's Gates
Could never keep out Care and Fear, two ſtrangers
To low-rooft Houſes, where I'l live and dye.
Pon. Will *Criſpus* do a Service to his Prince
With ſuch diſſervice, as to let me know
My Cauſe is juſt, and make the World ſuſpect it,
By quitting the Imployment?
Criſ. Pardon me;
Should the Gods ſend their winged Meſſenger
With that Commiſſion, and all their Hands to it,

The Gods ſhould pardon me. [*He offers to go.*

Pon. Stay, if he goes,
In my Attempt I can proceed no further;
We may uſe valiant Rogues to do a Murder; [*aſide.*
But Politicians are concern'd to find
Perſons of Worth, when Conqueſts are deſign'd.
Criſpus, how high a value I have for thee,
Let my great Heart demonſtrate, which deſcends
Below it ſelf, to an acknowledgment
That I have wrong'd theee.

Criſ. When I ſerve again,
I'l take up your Commiſſion.

Pon. So obſtinate?
Then I ſtand up my ſelf, your Prince, Accept it
From my Command.

Criſ. You may command my Head,
My Hand ſhall be my Subject.

Pon. Yet hear Reaſon,
Though you'l not hear your Prince; you cenſure me
For ſeeking to deſtroy a Family
For a Boy's words; yet for a Woman's words
(And ſhe your Sovegraign) you can diſpenſe
With Loyalty in your ſelf, abandoning
Your Prince to her awaken'd Enimies.

Criſ. Juſtly I am rebuk'd; upon my knee } *He takes up*
I beg your pardon, and accept your favour; } *the Commiſ-*
Longer to hold you in diſcourſe, were dan- } *ſion.*
gerous
To your Affairs; I take my humble leave:
Now that your Sword is in my Hand again,
It ſhall not freeze, I'l ſtrike a ſuddain blow;
Fortune's ſwift-turning Wheel deceives the ſlow.

Exit Criſpus.

Pon. Capito,

Pon. *Capito*, you perceive, that in our Army
You hold the ſecond Place, to have the firſt;
At the next Vacancy
Capi. Let me ſerve your Highneſs
In any Place, 'tis to my hand alike,
To bear a Truncheon or to trail a Pike. [*Exit* Capito.
Bri. Other men are Fleſh and Blood, the General, Fire;
Here were a Husband now, if one could catch him:
Old Witch, I'l venture at thy Lottery
All my Gold, but I'l draw a General.
Pon. The ſuddain blow tis I muſt ſtrike, not *Criſpus*;
Before he comes, *Filamor* may be fled:
Filamor's the Bard's Fox, *Criſpus* my Lion,
Valiant, but generous, I know he'l ſeize,
But that's all, for he'l never kill the Prey,
Nor can I, bare-fac'd, do 't; that Foxe's caſe
Shall piece this Lion's skin —— Go *Brianella*,
Bid *Cæſarina* meet me at the Poplars,
I 've new Inſtructions for her, ſhe muſt ſmooth
Her fore-head when ſhe looks upon the Prince;
Do you ſeek him out, and tell *Filamor*
You'r not ſent by my Daughter, (nor forbid)
To let her know (after his Mask) if he
Take her out, ſhe'l dance with him.
Bri. I'l acquaint him.
Pon. The Gods are bound in Honour to perform
What they have promis'd by the *Britiſh* Bard.
Bri. My life upon 't.
Pon. *Filamor*'s life 's upon 't;
And my Hand ſhall revenge his baſe affront.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cæſarina *and* Violinda *with Picture-Tablets in their hands.*

Viol. If with our Pictures we could change our ſelves,
I would be you: Would you be *Violinda*?

Cæſarina. And never wiſh to be my ſelf again;
If I were *Violinda*, I'd not Change
With *Cæſarina* for the World to boot:
But *Violinda* were you *Cæſarina*,
You would not love your Brother *Filamor*. [him?

Vio. What would he care for my hate, when you lov'd

Cæ. My love would hardly pleaſe him were we chang'd,
For I ſhould be his Siſter, you his Miſtreſs,
And you would be no kinder then I am,
But here's my Brother. [*Enter* Adolph.

Vio. Then I take my leave.

Adolph. Madam, you fly from me; as if our Hearts
Mov'd upon Needles touch'd by th' oppoſite Poles,
Of the Celeſtial Loadſtone Love, yet may
I mention it to you.

Vio. From that I fly,
And not from you; I've an Eſteem for you,
As Brother to my Friend; but till ſhe love
My Brother, when you mention love to me;
I ſhall retire. [*Exit* Violinda.

Ad. You ſee, how I'm concern'd
To be my Friend's Sollicitor in his Suit.

Cæ. Sollicit me for your Miſtreſſe's Picture.

Ad. Have you her Picture, that's ſome comfort yet,
This *Violinda* and I will never part.

Cæ. Hold, you'r not like to meet, but on Conditions.

Ad. Have I not Sign'd a Blank? fill you it up
With your own Articles.

Cæ. Firſt,

Cæ. First, you ſhall promiſe,
Never more to move me for *Filamor*.
Ad. You are not (ſure you cannot be) in earneſt?
Cæ. No promiſe, Sir, no Picture.
Ad. I am ſilenc'd,
Let *Filamor*'s own Merits ſpeak for him——
Come——
Cæ. Not ſo haſty: Secondly-----
Ad. Have you
A pair of theſe Commands?
Cæ. You ſhall ingage,
To uſe your beſt endeavours to perſwade
Filamor to relinquiſh his pretence
Of Love to me.
Ad. And all this for a Picture?
Would y' have me looſe, like *Æſop*'s Dog, the ſubſtance:
With catching at the Shadow? You know, Siſter,
On *Filamor*'s hope of you, depends my hope
Of *Violinda*.
Cæ. Let what will depend;
Theſe are your Termes.
Ad. You think, I'l not accept them?
Give me the Picture, I'l undo my ſelf
To be reveng'd on thee; ſuch pow'rfull Reaſons
I'l give my Friend againſt thee---- he ſhall take up
Thy ſcorn, and thou (as he does now) ſhalt ſigh
(When *Filamor* enjoyes a greater Beauty)
And ſay, That matchleſs Prince was once my Servant.

Enter Filamor *talking with* Brianella.

Cæ. Well, I have all, I would have; here's the Picture,
And there's your Man, look you to your Ingagement.

She gives Adolph *the Picture.*

[*Exit* Cæſarina.

Filamor.

Filamor, Dance with me? *Cæsarina* dance with me?
One name may sound, at distance, like another,
Did she name me? Madam, excuse my doubts,
I do believe you, yet so great an honour,
To me so unexpected, on the suddain
Puzzled my faith: I owe to *Brianella*
For the first newes that makes me Fortunate.
Bri. But, Sir, you must conceal th'Intelligence,
Or else you'l lose your Spie.
Fil. I'd rather lose
Verulam.
Bri. You'r not like to keep it long, [*aside.*
But to tell that, is out of my Commission:
I take my humble leave.
Fil. Farewell sweet Maid.
Compar'd to me, how happy art thou *Adolph*,
When *Violinda* gives thee a denial,
She grieves thee with so much Civility.
Ad. Your Sister carries it the handsomer;
Mine, like a Tigresse, shews an angry fore-head,
Her fury lightens in her eyes: your Sister
Poisons me, like a Polititian, smiling;
Long since I'd burst, but for this Antidote
Our Friendship, *Filamor*. [*Embraces.*
Fil. Our Friendship, *Adolph*,
Is a felicity which ballances
All our misfortunes.
Ad. Love it self gives place
To Friendship in my Herauldry.
Fil. Take heed
How you set up Friendship against Love, *Adolph*;
Love is a God.
Ad. He is, and we are Men,

Who

Who importune the Gods, and give them trouble
With Pray'rs and Sacrifices for our Loves;
But what Wives they will prove, Heav'n only knows:
We may pray for a curſe, and ſome kind God
May croſſe us for a bleſſing---let me tell you
(As I do love you) truly, I ſuſpect
My Siſter.

Fil. Ha!

Ad. Did I ſay, I ſuſpect?

Fil. That was a Princely check upon his tongue.

Ad. I know, my Siſter will be no good Wife.

Fil. If any man, but *Adolph*, told me ſo,
I ſhould not be thus patient.

Ad. In plain terms,
I know, my Siſter will be an ill Wife.

Fil. Is't madneſſe? or is't envy that aſperſes
Thy Siſter?

Ad. Wherefore do you furle your brow?
I tell you *Cæſarina* is not worth
A thought of *Filamor's*.

Fil. Unſay thy words,
Whilſt we are friends.

Ad. If you remember her,
Let it be ſo as we remember Tyrants,
For th'evill they have done.

Fil. Be wiſe betimes,
Kneel, and beg pardon of thy Siſter's virtue:
Yet we are friends.

Ad. Therefore I am oblig'd
To diſabuſe you----

Fil. Friendſhip, up to heaven,
From whence thou cam'ſt; againſt this Enemy,
The Common Enemy of Love and Virtue,

I draw the Sword of Juſtice. [Fil. *draws.*
Ad. Hear me out, [Ad. *draws.*
Before I ſet this Seal upon thy hearing;
What Fury ſtrikes out that clear light, thy Reaſon?
Are you ſo blind, ſo obſtinately blind,
You will not ſee a dreadful Precipice,
When I point to it? If you'l not believe
Your Friend, you have before your eyes the ſad
Example of your Father, good old man!
How like a child is he aw'd by my Mother!
There's twenty thouſand Mothers in my Siſter;
Already ſhe begins her tyrannous reign,
And makes you more a child than your weak Father,
Or elſe you would have more Sence then to love
One that ſcorns you. I've done.
Fil. And I begin;
Firſt, let me joy my ſelf, for cancelling
The long miſplac'd relation of a Friend
To ſo unnatural a Brother; then,
Thou ſtranger to my heart, in thy heart's blood
I'l waſh off the durt caſt upon thy Siſter.
Not love her? Why? becauſe ſhe ſcorns me? fool,
I would not love her if ſhe did not ſcorn
One of no merit.
Ad. Then you do her wrong,
To move my Siſter for one of no merit.
Fil. Unworthy man, that which thou would'ſt deſtroy,
My Love to her, creates in me a Merit.
Ad. Alas poor *Filamor*, to deceive thy ſelf
What curious Art thou haſt, what ſubtile non-ſenſe,
A merit and no Merit? and for this,
The faſt and looſe, the Juggle of a Word,
Thou draw'ſt upon thy friend?

Fil. Dear friend, forgive me,
Something you ſaid (which concern'd *Cæſarina*)
That put me into paſſion; what it was
I have forgot, but as 'tis ſtated now,
I muſt confeſſe, I bluſh to find my ſelf
In this offenſive poſture.
Ad. Put not up
Your ſword; for you may fight, and you may chuſe:
Will you relinquiſh all pretence of love
To *Cæſarina*?
Fil. Not whilſt I've a ſword,
And ſtrength to guide to thy heart.
Ad. 'Tis well;
I'm glad to hear that you are ſo reſolved:
You may fight; but, *Filamor*, if you do,
You ſhall fight with my Sifter. For this Picture,
(A part of *Filamor*, and *Adolph*'s All)
I promis'd *Cæſarina*, to perſwade you
(With my beſt oratory) to relinquiſh
Your love to her; I have perform'd: and you,
Before, like a rough Diamond, only rich
In my belief, thus poliſh'd, ſtrikes my eyes:
Amaz'd to meet ſo glorious a ſurprize.
Filamor's eſtimate is trebbled now
In *Adolph*'s valuation; and by this time
(You have yet more advantage by your triall,
For) *Cæſarina*'s heart (I warrant) akes
For fear I ſhould prevail.
Fil. She meant (I hope
I flatter not my ſelf) to try, if ſhe
Might venture on me any further Grace
Then th'honour ſhe intends me at my Mask,
To dance with me.

Ad. That's ſome kindneſs yet; my Siſter
Has but one fault, ſhe thinks Love is below her;
But Friend if, from ſo high a pitch, her Pride
Can ſtoop to any Husband, ſhe's thy Bride. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Brianella *at one Door; at another,* Fromund *like a Witch.*

Bri. THis is th' appointed place; there's the Mark-Beech,
And the old Witch too; luck an't be thy will:
A General, I beſeech thee, gracious Beldam;
Mother, you are a Woman of your word.

Fro. O my good Daughter, neither Man nor Woman
Will break their word with you; ſhow me your hand,
Off with your Glove: Ay marry, Child, if Cæſar
Were now our Lord, he would ſend for his Guards
That watch th' *Arabian* Trees, and ſet them Centree
Upon this Balm.

Bri. A Complemental Hag, [*aſide.*
How come you to be ſuch a Courtier, Mother?

Fro. I ſhall be catch'd---- Firſt, Daughter, I pray reſolve me,
Did never any Gentleman, at Court,
Tell you your Fortune?

Bri. Yes.

Fro. Then if your Hand
Can turn a Courtier to a Fortune-Teller;

Why

Why may 't not make us Fortune-Tellers Courtiers ?

Bri. A pleaſant Witch : what ? Compaſſes ? do you
Mean to *ſurvey* my Hand with your Glaſs-eyes ?
Come, on with them : Firſt, how long ſhall I live ?

Fro. Here's a deep *Life-line*, without Croſs or Break ;
Ten, twenty, thirty, you'l live, till you be
Juſt a year older then am I, a hundred. { Fromund *with his Compaſſes meaſures her Vital Line.*

Bri. That's long enough ; ſhall I be fortunate ?

Fro. I never ſaw ſuch a *proſperity-line*
Running quite through your *Triangle* ; it cuts
Your *Table-line*, and has the nobleſt *Sister*,
You'l be Right Honourable.

Bri. So, here's Fortune,
And Honour ; but what Pleaſure ? how many Husbands ?

Fro. To that what ſayes the *Mount* of *Mercury* ?
Tis croſs'd with one Line, you'l have but one Husband.

Bri. How ? but one Husband in a hundred years ?
O pittiful !

Fro. But in the Mount of *Venus*
Are Stars ; in *Sol* and *Jupiter* a Zone ;
A Venus-Girle, you'l have ſtore of Servants.

Bri. Shall I keep Counſel ?

Fro. At foot of *Jove*'s Mount,
Your *Capital* line and your *Vital* line
Meet in an *acute Angle*, which demonſtrates,
Your *Head* holds correſpondence with your *Heart* :
You'l not tell any Secrets of your own.

Bri. No, if I do ; like a poor Veſtal-Nun
That can't keep Counſel when ſhe meets her Servant,
Let me be bury'd alive ; this one Husband

Will be (I hope) a good one: pray, what manner
Of Man?

Fro. Black hair, not curl'd by Art, but Nature;
Good hopefull Signs.

Bri. Have I ſeen him?

Fro. To day,
He courted you for a Wife.

Bri. Ha! that's *Fromund?*
He has a voluble Tongue?

Fro. The Gudgeon bites. [*aſide.*
A winning way (ſhe's taken with my Courtſhip) [*aſide.*
The young man Complements better then th' old Witch.

Bri. A Traveller?

Fro. One who in Forreign parts
Has noted Men and Manners; I'm cock-ſure. [*aſide.*

Bri. A Courtier too?

Fro. In ſome Place, or Imployment,
About a Prince: ſhe's mine, from all the World. [*aſide.*

Bri. Prince *Filamor*'s Tutor, *Fromund*, out upon him
A younger Brother.

Fro. So, ſo, my Cake's dow, } Fromund *is about to diſcover himſelf.*
When I believ'd my ſelf to be cock-ſure,
If I had flung off my diſguiſe, how ſhe
Had laught at me?

Brit. What? Mother, a la mort?

Fro. Daughter, I am conſidering your Condition,
Will you lead Apes in Hell.

Bri. Yes, (Apes is ſomething
To truſt to) rather then I'l marry Hopes:
I am for Honour, and Eſtate in Hand,
No promiſing Husband is for me; can you
Change me this Courtier for a General?
For *Fromnnd* I'l not give one farthing-token.

Fro. He's

Fro. He's much bound to you. [*aside.*

Bri. Make it my Lord *Criſpus*,
You ſhall have the worth of a hundred pieces,
This Saphyr-Ring.

Fro. If you would give me *London*,
I cannot find a General in your Hand.

Bri. Adieu.

Fro. But the young Conjurer makes Love to me,
And I'l lay my Commands upon my Servant,
To ſearch the Stars for my Lord General.

Bri. Take the Ring; Mother: when ſhall I hear of you?

Fro. In th'Evening: mean time, if you could but get
Your Lady to move my Lord *Criſpus* for you.

Bri. That I am ſure ſhe will. {Fromund *throwes off the Witches habit.*

Fro. Then I am ſure---- [*Exit* Brianella.
The Generall will not have thee, he's a perſon
Of ſo much honour, that he'l never marry
One, thy diſhonourable Lady ſpeaks for:
[*Enter* Tetrick.
There's life in't yet; *Tetrick*, I muſt have thee
To help me in the buſineſſe of my love.

Tet. The devill's in't, when men make love their buſineſs;
Thou a man? thou a horſe: and would thou hadſt
(Beſides thy amorous curvetting qualme)
All the diſeaſes of a horſe: I help thee?

Fro. Thee I have help'd, and may prove to thy purſe
More inſtrumentall yet.

Tet. Why, look you, *Fromund*,
How you miſconſtrue me: I'l ſerve your love,
If you will love at ſeaſonable times,
But to ſtand fooling now, when *Pontia*,
Th'Illuſtrious Traytreſſe, takes up Gladiators

To

To murder our great Maſter----here he comes { [*Enter* Sylvanus *reading a Paper.*

Reading the bloody Liſt ſhe gave the Bard.

Syl. *Dis Manibus.* *Pontia* devotes to hell
Filamor, *Violinda*, and *Sylvanus*----
Am I here? Is my name down? thank you, Wife;
Kind ſecond wife, I very humbly thank you
For the recovery of my Wits----- you hear
No news?

Tet. None, Sir.

Syl. But what you hear from me----

Fro. What news is that, Sir? [Syl. *frowns on* Fromund.

Syl. Senſe, Sir; I ſpeak ſenſe.

Tet. That we have heard oft. [Syl. *ſmiles on* Tetrick.

Syl. But when, *Tetrick*? when?
Before I marry'd *Pontia*; never ſince,
Till now.

Fro. And now you underſtand your danger?
Prevent it in her ruine.

Syl. You'r a fool;
Shall I deſtroy my wife for her firſt fault?

Tet. That were to imitate her cruelty.

Syl. Thou'rt wiſe.

Tet. If ſhe commit another Treaſon----

Syl. Then ſhe ſhall die.

Tet. But you'l forget your Promiſe,
Be pleas'd to write it down.

Syl. I'l ſet my hand
To nothing-----

Tet. That's *unprincely*: but 'tis *juſt*
To write as ſhe did, your Note for her Note.

Syl. 'Tis juſt indeed, I'l underwrite her Paper.

Tet.

Tet. You'l find her Pen and Ink too ith'Bard's Cave.

[*Exit.* Sylvanus.

Fro. See how Affection ſwayes! though both our Reaſons
Were of one *colour*, mine look'd *dull*; thine *bright*,
When *Prejudice* and *Favour* chang'd the *light*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontia, Cæſarina, Violinda, Brianella, Gracchus *and* Sergius.

Pontia, This Mask was made for you by *Filamor*,
And therefore if he take you out to dance,
Dance with him *Cæſarina*, though you love not
The Man, be civill to the Prince.

Cæſarina. I ſhall.

Pon. After the Maſque, whither will you two walk?

Cæ. Through the Lawne.

Pon. Juſt into the Lion's pawes; [*aſide.*
O excellent, incomparable Bard!
Gracchus and *Sergius*, you know the Lawne?

Serg. I do; That's the Place.

Pon. I *Pay* well.

Serg. Then *hang* well,
If either he or I neglect your ſervice.

Gracc. Our Roman Swords ſhall fall upon your Foes,
Swifter then Arrowes from your Britiſh bowes.

Pon. When the Maſque's done, remember *Brianella*,
Your part.

Brianella. Your Meſſage to the Prince ſhall be
Deliver'd, as from Princeſs *Cæſarina*.

Pon. *Filamor* will believe thee, when he ſees
Thy firſt newes (of her dancing with him) true:
Do't carefully, and I'l make thee my care,

The Generall will not deny thy love
VVhen I move for thee.

Bri. You'r a royall Miſtreſſe.

Cæ. My Dear; what are theſe Maskers? [*They ſit.*

Vio. Ovid's Huntſmen:
Their Forms (chang'd by his Gods) the God of Hunting,
Apollo, has reſtor'd to *Phaëton*,
Cephalus and *Actæon.*

Pon. See, they come.

Apollo's Mask. } *The Scene, a Grove, in which is a Lawrell Tree, and three Poplar Trees.*

Enter Phaëton. }

Phaë. *Hey! brother----Wood-men come away,*
Actæon? Cephalus? *So ho?* } *Enter* Fil. & Adolph *as* Cephalus *and* Actæon.
Chorus within. }
Never may they ſee Sport, who ſtay
When Phaëton *ſayes, Come, or Go:*

Actæ. *Shall we rouze the long-liv'd Hart?*

Phaë. *Ask the Youthfull God of Art,*
(Who reſtor'd us our Forms) Apollo,
My Father promis'd he would follow: [*Enter* Apollo.
See, the great Huntſman comes at laſt.

Apol. *Our morning-Rites in* Delphos *paſt;*
I came to London, *where my Siſter*
Dwells in her Temple; but I miſs'd her:
For (vex'd with things, which fools deſir'd)
She was into her Grove retir'd:
Then ſwift as ever Lightning flew,
I cut the Clowds, and ſail'd to You.

Phae. *You'l hunt?*

Apol. *We'l dance:*

Phaë. *No Ladies?*

Apo.

Apo. *Yes,*
Four of the Metamorphoſis:
In thoſe three Poplars grow thy Siſters,
That Laurell Cloiſters my coy Miſtris;
We two will untransform them now.
Phaë. *All-pow'rfull* Father, *ſhew me how.*
Apo. *My ſacred Tree,*
That Conquerors and Poëts browes
Crown'ſt with thy immortall boughs,
From thunder free,
With Muſique ſhaken, cleave aſunder, { The Laurell
Daph. *Ay me! a ſuddain clap of thunder* } opens, and
Could not ſtrike Daphne's *heart ſo* } in it appears
dead, { *Daphne.*
As does that Voice, from which I fled
To this Tree, that (whea th'Earth deny'd me)
Open'd, and ſhut again to hide me:
Falſe Laurell, wer't thou kind ſo long,
At laſt to ſell me for a Song?
What hope that Strangers will be juſt,
When our old Friends betray their truſt?
Cruell Apollo, *doſt thou give*
Life to a Maid who fears to live?
Some gentler God take Daphne's *part,*
And cloſe my Tree, or break my Heart.
Apo. *Sweet Nymph, thy Panick Fear diſmiſs,*
Apollo *will not force a kiſs.*
Daph. *Why then for* Daphne *do you call?*
Apo. *This is the Huntſman's Feſtivall,*
We'l only dance together.
Daph. *Then* Daphne *may*
(With honour) ſay,
Apollo's *welcome hither.*

Phae. *Dear Sisters, that (when I was drown'd)*
Wept your selves into Poplar-Trees:
Now my Platonick Year's come round,
Enjoy the Light which Phaeton *sees;*
Phaëthusa?

Phaeth. *I am here.*

Phae. Lampethusa *re-appear.*

Lamp. *I come, I come.*

Phae. Lampetie, *live.*

Lam. *Thy Breath is my Restorative.*

Chorus.

On the Huntsman's Feast,
Like Pris'ners releas'd,
Let's dance and sing;
Till the Birds admire,
What new happy Quire
Make the Woods ring,
And drawes the Sphears nigher.
No Pleasure transcends
The Meeting of Friends.

[Filamor *Walks up to* Cæsarina.

Fil. Not *Filamor*, but *Cephalus* begs the honour
Of a Corant.

Cæsari. Cephalus'es Suit is granted.

Pontia. Come my bold Sword-men, now you'l have imployment,

[*Exit* Pontia, Serg. *and* Gracchus.

Fil. May I presume to kiss the Princely hand
To which I owe this honour.

Cæ.

Cæ. Does my bounty
Incourage begging? you ſhall be content
With the next favour you receive from me.
[*Exit* Cæſarina *and* Brianella.

Fil. So does the covetous Fav'rite loſe his place,
By offering to impoſe upon free Grace.

Adolph. My Siſter's too high-hearted to be govern'd;
Proud Minds, like billowes in a ſtorm, are toſs'd
At their own rate; but if you ſteer, y'are loſt.

Fil. What a dull fool was I to loſe her thus?
[*Enter* Brianella.
I hope not; here comes one who can reſolve me;
Dear friend, leave me alone with my Good Angel.

Adol. What means he? is the Devil his Good Angel?
My Mother's Meſſenger? I'l hear her newes. { Adolph *ſtands and liſtens.*

Fil. Now *Brianella*, ſpeak; is't life, or death?

Brianella. Life, life Sir, Princeſs *Cæſarina* walks
To gather Violets in the Lawne, from thence
She ſtrikes up to the Lime-tree Grove, come thither,
But keep your masking habit on, ſhe ſaid,
If ſo by chance you met her in that Grove,
You might have better Audience as a Huntſman,
Then ever yet ſhe gave you as a Prince.

Ad. How's that? my Mother has a Plot upon him:
This cannot be a Meſſage from my Siſter.

Fil. This Embaſſage ſhall put about thy neck
A ſtring of Pearl.

Bri. A ſtring of hemp were fitter, [*aſide.*
I am ſure I deſerve't, If you knew all:
Excuſe me; if my Lady call, ſhe may
Suſpect my abſence. [*Exit* Brianella.

Adolph.

Adolph. *Filamor*, no haſte,
You ſhall not go.
Fil. Then you ſhall kill me, *Adolph*;
For if I live, I'l go.
Ad. You are not mad?
Do you know, *who* invites you? *Brianella*,
My Mother's Confident, the Agent for
Thy cruel Step-Mother, who ſeeks thy blood:
Do you know, *what* ſhe ſaid? Is't probable,
My Siſter (who ſcorn'd th'offer of a Crown)
Will love a Masking Suit?
Fil. Was't probable,
Your Siſter would have danc'd with me? yet ſhe would;
And *Brianella* præacquainted me
With her intention: no more words, I'l go.
[*Exit* Filamor.
Ad. A happy voyage; I'l be there before you:
She told him, *Cæſarina*'s in the Lawne;
If he go thither, 'tis upon the Bow;
I know the String, the ſtrait path to the Grove;
And whoſoever is to meet him there,
Shall find me on the place, to anſwer for him.
[*Exit* Adolph.

Enter Pontia, Gracchus, *and* Sergius.

Sergius. Our Trade is to kill men, we never yet
Shed Woman's blood.
Gracchus. But Madam, for your ſervice----
Pontia. And my Reward: you ſhall be ſo rewarded,
You'l wiſh I had more Princeſs *Violinda's*
For you to kill.
Grac. May we not have the honour
Of murdering her brother?

Pon.

Pon. That's reserv'd
For my hand; none shall revenge *Pontia*,
But *Pontia*.
Serg. If the Prince, your husband, wants
An Officer---to cut his Throat——
Pon. For him,
I'l provide meaner Instruments, there's Gold,
Jewels too; You are Strangers, and the Natives
(After this fact, if they can take you) will
Tear you to pieces: To prevent your danger
You see my Groom waits for you with good horses,
Fly; though for me you have lost *Italy*,
And must lose *Britain*; wheresoe're you land,
You'l make your selves a Country with that Treasure;
Romans farewell.
Grac. Our saddest losse is, such
A bounteous Mistresse.
Serg. And it wounds us deeper
Then we can wound the Princess, when our Swords
Shall weep her blood.
Pon. But Gentlemen, pray skill
My Daughter-in-Law with as little fright
To my own Daughter, as is possible:
If you bind *Cæsarina*, bind her gently. [*Exit* Pontia.
Serg. As gently as these arms can bind a Lady;
To kill her Step-Daughter, she gives me a stock,
Will keep me like a man on any Ground;
But before I leave *Britain*, I'l be bold
To ravish her own Daughter; I have had
A stomack to her long.
Grac. Meat for your Master;
Thou ravish her? I'l ravish her my self;

Room

Room for your betters, from the *Gracchi* I am
Deſcended.

Serg. No, *degenerated*, Raskal;
When we play'd Prizes on the Stage at *Rome*,
Then wert not thou my Mimick? did not I,
With this ſhort Faucheon, round about the Stage,
Chaſe thee in that high crown'd Hat, with Gold-labells?

Grac. And what did I, the while?

Ser. Why, at my Head
(Helmet and all, in which I wore this Fiſh)
Thou flungſt a Caſting-Net, and crydſt, fear nothing,
I catch not you Sir, I catch but your Fiſh.

[Gracchus *draws.*

Grac. Upbraided with my Calling? Ganlick-Rogue,
You Country-low, did not I hear thee Beg
(Like a cow'd Slave) the People's ſuff'rages;
To give thee leave to take up that *white wand*,
The *Rudies* (which diſcharges Sword-Players,
From fear of playing Prizes by Command)
And wilt thou play a new Prize for a Princeſſe?
Come on.

Serg. Take notice of this Thumb reverſt, } Sergius *draws,*
The ſign of death to Fencers. } *and bends his*
Grac. Hold, you puppy, } *Thumb back.*
What? *Roman* againſt *Roman*? lets draw Cuts?

Serg. Then I bend down my Thumb; live, to be hang'd:
The long cut carries her. } *They draw*
Grac. Fortune's a Slut, } *cuts.*
To give the prop'rer man the ſhorter Cut:
No remedy, I muſt content my ſelf
With Princeſs *Violinda*.

Enter

Enter Cæsarina and *Violinda.* { *The Fencers seize them.*

Serg. Here she comes,
Princesses by your leave, I'm somewhat bold.
Grac. And I am welcome.
Cæ. Help ho!
Vio. Murder, murder.
Grac. No faith, tis but a Rape.
Cæ. Unhand me, Rogue.
Serg. Peace, you shrill Grashopper,
Or I'l open your Heart to stop your mouth;
Do y' see this triffle, this was *Tarquin*'s Dagger,
And knows the way to Rape. [*Enter* Filamor.
Filamor. Prodigious Villain
Look a man in the Face.
Serg. That's not so pleasant
As looking Babyes in a Ladye's Eyes:
Help *Gracchus.* [Serg. *falls.*
Grac. There's a poor Remembrance for you. { Gracchus *comes behind* Filamor, *and runs him in at the left arm:* Filamor *runs him into the Body:* Gracchus *falls, and mak'd a strange Grimas grinning like a dead man.*
Fil. Die like a Coward: he's dead out-right that stirs;
Answer, what put into your hearts a hope
To ravish Princesses?
Serg. The Devil-Lust;
There was a Devil (of their own Sex) in 't,
The Devil *Pontia*--- she contracted for
The Life of *Violinda*---
Fil. I have paid
Your Wages, Slave. { Sergius *stretches out himself as dead.*
Serg. Justly, oh, I die justly.
Cæ. How it afflicts me, that my cruel Mother
Should be my dear Friend's mortal Enemy,

And ſeek the Life I prize above my own ?
Your Brother bleeds much, *Violinda* ; have you
Nothing about you that will ſtop his Wound ?
Tear, tear my Handkercher ! Pray, take it Sir,
Loſe not you ſelf in the preſerving me ;
You look pale.

Fil. Madam, My Wound bluſhes for me,
To hear your preſervation aſcrib'd
To *Filamor*, 'twas Innocence preſerv'd you,
When betray'd by this habit.

Cæ. By what Habit ?

Fil. By th' honour you intended me, if thus
'T had been my Fortune to have met you in
The Lime-Tree Grove.

Cæ. Who ſaid ſo ?

Fil. Brianella.

Cæ: She did abuſe you.

Vio. Has ſhe not abus'd
Your Brother too, and ſent him to meet me
Among the Lime-Trees ? to that Grove he went,
Juſt as we turn'd into the Lawne.

Fil. Did *Adolph ?*
Excuſe me, Madam, I muſt needs go ſee
What becomes of my Friend.

Cæ. Tis a Bow-ſhot
To the place, if you go thus bleeding thither,
You'l faint.

Fil. I'l die, before I leave Prince *Adolph*
To danger. [*Exit* Filamor.

Cæ. Let us follow *Filamor*,
I hear my Mother has a plot upon him.

[*Exeunt* Cæſarina *and* Violinda.

[Gracchus *gets up.*

Grac.

Grac. 'Twas well for me that I was bred a Mimick,
If I could not have made ſtrange ugly Faces,
And imitated the *Grimas* of Death,
The very laſt grinn, I had never paſt
For a dead man; Dead-man indeed, by'r leave,
Your Gold and Jewels too fall to my ſhare, } Gracchus *ſearches* Sergius *his Pocket.*
By the right of Survivorſhip.
Serg. The right [Sergius *gets upon his Feet.*
Of a Fool's head: ſoft; Hands off, Goodman *Gracchus*,
Or I'l ſo ſlice your Fingers——
Grac. What? another
Dead man's Ape? nay, *Sergius*, if you out-do me
At my own Weapon, I'l give thee the Bucklers:
Hereafter we'l turn Tables (ſince thou art
The better *Zany*,) thou ſhalt be my Mimick.
Serg. Come, let's not fool away our Lives, and ſtay
Untill the Hangman cure our wounds; our Horſes
Stand ready: Farewel *Britain*, where the Ladies
Yield not to *Romans*.
Grac. Where we have no luck
In any thing; for as the Maſtives fly on's,
So do the Men, and they both fright like Lions. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Adolph.

Adolph. Sure all but I forget this Lune-tree Grove;
Here's neither *Filamor*, nor *Violinda*,
Nor any of my Mother's blood-hounds; ha!
My noſe bleeds, and theſe drops ſome hold to be
Ominous Effects, when they've a natural Cauſe,
The fear that hants a Lover till he ſees
His abſent Miſtreſs ſafe: but *Violinda*
Thou art not altogether abſent from me,

For here----here ſits thy Proxy, in my boſome
I wear thy painted Repreſentative
In Gold, too poor a Temple for my Goddeſſe.

Enter Pontia *with a Poniard in her hand.*

Pontia. The ſtrong imagination *Filamor* has
That *Cæſarina* is to meet him here,
And ſomething in my face reſembling her,
Will paſſe me, and my Poniard.

Ad. Fair'ſt of Pictures, [Adolph *opens his buttons.*
Come forth, thou dear Companion to my heart.

Pon. Fall right; go now, and counſel thy old Father
Not to be rul'd by's Wife.

As ſhe ſtabbs Adolph, *enter* Filamor *ſtaggering,*
Cæſarina, Violinda, *and Servants.*

Filamor. I come too late
To ſave my friend, but not to periſh with him.

Adolph. My Mother? [Adolph *looks up.*

Pon. My Son *Adolph?* } Pontia *flyes away,* Filamor
Violinda. Adolph's kill'd. } *falls at the feet of* Adolph.

Ad. No, noble *Violinda*, *Adolph* lives.

Cæ. Filamor's dead.

Ad. Yes, cruel *Cæſarina*,
But he might have ſurviv'd this fatal hour,
Had'ſt thou been kind.

Cæ. Had I been fortunate,
But I was Miſtreſs neither of my Love,
Nor Fortune: the Gods govern'd that and me.

Ad. Pray let me weep *Filamor*'s Obſequies, } *He puts by*
He was my Friend. } *his Siſter.*

Vio. He was my deareſt Brother.

Ad.

Ad. He was, thou beſt of Siſters; and methinks
There ſhould be virtue in thy lips to kiſs him
Alive again: but if he liv'd, thy kiſſe
Would kill him, cruell, cruell *Cæſarina*,
Thou haſt no title to him.
Cæ. More then you,
He was my honour's and my life's preſerver.
Ad. And would you not, if he could live now, love
So brave a man?
Cæ. They who diſpoſe our Wills,
Left it not in my pow'r to grant him love.
Ad. A Surgeon! call a Surgeon for the Prince!
[*Enter* Fromund.
Here comes one that has skill inn Surgery,
Good *Fromund*, ſearch your noble Maſter's wound.
No hope?
Fro. No fear; 'twas but the loſſe of blood
That made him ſwoond, he lives, carry him to reſt.
O Sir, your Mother's giving up the ghoſt,
I left her Women chafing her.
Vio. I'm ſure
She deſerves death for murdring of her Son:
Good *Fromund* ſearch Prince *Adolph*, for he has
A wound at heart.
Ad. But *Violinda* gave it;
Come *Cæſarina*, if our Mother were
Worſe then ſhe is, yet ſhe's our Mother ſtill,
Not to be caſt away for want of help,
When we ſee how 'tis with her, I'l be dreſs'd
For this ſlight hurt, a ſcratch upon my *breaſt*:
But *Violinda* ſhoots into my *heart*
A poiſon'd arrow, paſt the Surgeon's Art. [*Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Quartus.

Enter Sylvanus, Tetrick, *and* Fromund.

Syl. FIlamor slightly hurt, and did he swound?
What riddle's this?

Fromund. 'Tis easily unriddled;
After the Villain hurt him, when he knew
That Princess *Cæsarina* never wish'd
To meet him like a Huntsman in the Grove,
As *Brianella* told Prince *Filamor*,
Hearing that *Adolph* (who believ'd her Message
An Artifice us'd by his bloody Mother)
In the same Habit was upon the Place:
The wounded Prince (never considering
Himself, but fearing danger to his friend)
From the Lawne walk'd up to the Grove so fast,
That th'agitation of his Mind and Body
Caus'd such effusion of his Blood and Spirits,
As made him (when he came to embrace *Adolph*)
Fall in a swound at's feet: I stanch'd the blood,
And Sir, immediately your Son recover'd.

Syl. My Wife's recover'd too?

Tetrick. Her Mask goes on,
In which you are to represent your name-sake,
The God *Sylvanus*: 'tis time you were dress'd,
They'r ready to begin.

Syl. Her Mask? does she
Triumph in Princes blood?

Fro. Perhaps she hopes
The pleasure of a Mask will make the Prince
Forget her malice, and her Servants say,
That when the Mask's done, she'l divulge a Secret
In which you are concern'd.
Syl. How is't with *Adolph*?
Did not my Wife take him for *Filamor*,
And strike at her Son's heart?
Fromund. But miss'd her aime
Miraculously; for Prince *Adolph* had
Princess *Violinda's* Picture, which he wore
In a Gold Tablet next his heart, he was
About to look on't; opening of his buttons
And stooping, comes your wife, who being deceiv'd
By's Huntsman's Suit (so like Prince *Filamor's*)
Stabb'd at his *heart*, but light upon the *Gold*
And did not pierce it, only her Poniard glanc'd
Upon his breast, and drew some crimson drops:
Straight he look'd up; but when she saw her hand
Imbru'd in her son's blood, she fled and fell
Dead (as we thought); but she deceiv'd us all.
Tet. Will you please to put on the Wood-God's shape;
You'l be too late, what do you study on?
Syl. Why should the Gods reprieve that guilty woman?
Fro. The Gods themselves had not been innocent,
If they had let her die a natural death,
And scape the hand of Justice.
Tet. Sir, the Mask?
Syl. I'l have no Mask, till *Pontia's* in her Grave;
Arrest her, *Fromund*, and when she's condemn'd.
See Execution done, be sure my wife
Revive no more.

Fro. Fear no Recovery,
My life for her death: she's a Venimous Creature;
But if she were a Viper, let me get
Her Head and Body parted once, I'l watch 'em
For ever meeting.

Syl. In her List for Hell,
When *Pontia* writ my Name, I bound my self
To punish her with death for her next Treason.

Tet. Sir, your best time will be when her Mask's done,
Or else the Secret she means then to publish
Will die with her.

Syl. God of the Woods, *Sylvanus*,
Whose shape I now assume, do thou inspire me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontia *wearing* Diana's *Cressent on her head.*

Pon. If the Celestial minds had been possess'd
With such a bloody rage as fill'd my Breast,
My House had been destroy'd for my Offence:
But the Gods spar'd my Children's Innocence;
And when my Soul was frighted with her Crime,
Bound for Eternity, they gave me Time
For the recovery of Life, and Fame
(Dearer then Life) that my corrupted Name
Might be with tears purifi'd, and made fit
To grace my Tomb, when my Inscription's writ.

Enter Cæsarina.

Cæ. Madam?

Pon. I sent for you, to let you know
The Gladiators were not slain; my Servant
Tells me, they fled to *Barnet*-Woods: I 've sent
To have them apprehended, and they shall

Be

Be brought to Juſtice; now let's mind our *Sport*,
Which muſt diſguiſe my trouble, that I may [*aſide.*
Give *Filamor* an opportunity:
Diana's Creſſent to a nobler end
Was never worn; Goddeſſe of Chaſtity
Aſſiſt the God of Love, ſhout from thy Bow
His Arrow into *Cæſarina*'s Heart.
Dear *Cæſarina*, you are dreſs'd, ſtay here
And thank Prince *Filamor*.

Cæ. I ſhall obey you;
But Madam, I beſeech you, why am I
Enjoyn'd to give him thanks? do you ſuſpect,
That I'm inclining to ingratitude?

Pon. No: But your Gratitude at this time, may
Diſpoſe him to forgive my Cruelty,
Which ſtrikes into my Heart the very Poniard
I aym'd at his.

Cæ. This you'd have him believe?

Pon. That Queſtion makes me fear, that you your ſelf
Believe not my Repentance; 'tis no more
Then I am to expect from all the World:
But ere the Hour-glaſs, that's now turn'd, runs out,
I hope to ſatisfie that general Doubt.

Enter Filamor.

He's here, the God of Marriage bleſs their Meeting.
[*Exit* Pon.

Fil. What Nymph's this? tis not *Cæſarina*, ſure,
Though it preſents her divine form? 'tis ſhe.

Cæ. Filamor!

Fil. Heark, ſhe calls me *Filamor*!
But am I *Filamor*? do I ſee and hear?
Nay, do I live? has not the Villain ſlain me?
And is not that bleſs'd Form, inherent in

My Soul, deſcended with it to the Shades?
Cæ. No, *Filamor* lives, a Sacrifice of Thanks
For the Pantheon in which all the Gods
Are worſhip'd, whoſe united Pow'rs preſerv'd
Your Valour, that redeem'd my Life and Honour,
An Obligation (paſt acknowledgment)
For which I wiſh you all you can deſire----
Fil. How I am raviſh'd with Celeſtial Muſique!
Cæ. My ſelf excepted.
Fil. Oh, that Clauſe has ſpoil'd
The faireſt Evidence that was ever drawn
For the intitling of a Lover's Faith
To his ſweet Hope.
Cæ. Valiant Prince *Filamor*,
Caſt away that effeminate vain Hope,
And think of noble Objects, Spoils and Triumphs.
Fil. Great Actions, Madam, are for happy men,
But miſery deſigns my Arms to Ruſt,
My Glory to the Urne that holds my Duſt:
I ſee, you do not love me,
Cæ. More Sir, more
Then you do love your ſelf; for if I might
Diſpoſe of your Succeſſes, *Filamor*
Should, like young *Alexander*, conquer all
[*Enter* Adolph.
The World, but *Cæſarina*; there's your Friend;
Now Company comes in, I take leave of you. [*Exitura.*
Fil. And I muſt bid adieu to Happineſs.
Cæ. Yet this my brave Preſerver may believe,
If I'd ſubject my ſelf to any man,
Filamor ſhould be Lord of *Cæſarina*. [*Exit* Cæſarina.
Ad. And ſo thou ſhalt, I'l paſs my word; and then
You may be the Inſurer of my Miſtreſs:

For

For as the great Ship towes the little Cock-boat,
My Siſter towes thy Siſter after her.
Fil. You'r mighty pleaſant.
Ad. Which preſages well,
Now ſit, and let's ſee, if *Diana*'s Mask
[*Enter* Tetrick *and* Fromund.
Be no worſe than *Apollo*'s; What ſayes th'Authour?
Tet. That the Mask is—beginning.
Ad. Then lie down.

Muſique.

Diana's Mask. {*The Scene a Haw-thorn Tree.*

Enter Pontia, *as* Diana; Cæſarina *as* Flora; Brianella *as Progne.*

Pontia. *Goddeſs of* Flowr's, *though you have ſtill*
Narciſſus *in your Daffadil,*
I fear you'l loſe him by degrees;
My Brother diſ-inchants the Trees;
Birds I reſtore; ſome other Powers
May un-metamorphoſe Flowers.
Cæſarina. Diana, *the fair Huntreſſe, knowes*
She may my Flowr's *and Me diſpoſe.*
Pon. *Come hither* Flora, *do you know*
This bluſhing Lady?
Cæ. *No, yes, no.*
Pon. *You have forgot her; ſo had I:*
When, lo, I ſaw a Swallow fly
O're London, *to my Temple-top,*
Then to the grornd ſhe ſeems to drop.

But in her fall ſpreading her wings,
Flyes to my Altar, ſits and ſings;
Her voice I know, and that ſhe mourn'd
For her loſt Form, which I return'd;
The Swallow's Progne *once agen.*

Brianel. *And ſhall be happy* Progne, *when*
My Siſter Philomel *I ſee;*
I hear her in that Hawthorn-tree: { The Nightingale
Diana, *pitty her ſweet ſorrow.* { ſings in a Haw-
Pon. *My Grove, thy Nightingale I'l* { thorn Buſh.
borrow,
She ſhall be now Diana's *Creature,*
I'l joyn her Honour to her Feature.
A Maid the ſecond time I'l make her;
Back back my Moons, and overtake her
An hour before that ſad diſhonour
Thy husband (Progne) *forc'd upon her.*
Bri. *He was a Villain; yet that ſhape* { Violinda, *as* Philo-
Might tempt a God to act a Rape. { mel, *appears in the*
{ *Hawthorn, & ſings.*

Philomel's *Song.*

Violinda. *How my Rape was brought about,*
And how my Tongue cut out,
I need not tell,
'Tis known as well
As my woful name of Philomel,
Which, though my ſpeech did fail,
My Soul did ſo bewail,
That it throbb'd into a Nightingale.
Then I, poor Bird,
Had Tongue, but not a Word;

I ſung,

I ſung, but could not ſpeak:
As if my heart would break
Warbled I.
But no more Revenge I cry,
Now the Raviſher's acquitted;
For, Diana's mighty pow'r
Calls back this the happy'ſt Hour,
The Hour before the Crime committed.

As *Philomel* comes down from the Hawthorn Tree, a Satyr leaps out of a Buſh, and catches the hem of her Veſt.

Satyr. *Twice a Maid*
And both times betray'd:
Your Virginity's private Grant
Muſt be ſung
With your new tongue,
To inveigle a young Gallant?
Philo. *What art thou?*
Sat. *A luſtfull Satyr.*
Phil. *Out, foul Goat.*
Sat. *I can aſſure you,*
Goats are raviſhers by Nature;
But I love, let that ſecure you.
Phil. *What doſt thou love?*
Sat. *To dance, that's Sweet.*
Phil. *Satyr, our Inclinations meet;*
Let's dance.
Sat. *No; I'm too much below you,*
My antique tricks I dare not ſhow you,

Diana

Diana so affects Sobriety,
Th'old Wood-God dances with her Deity;
For you three God Sylvanus *brings*
Gods of the Copses, Groves and Springs;
But though you are above my levell,
Yet through a Bush I'l see you revell.

Enter *Sylvanus*, as the God *Sylvanus*, after him 3. other Wood-Gods.

Chorus.

The Wood puts down
The Field and the Town:
Men labour there,
As Ants toil here;
But we still please our fancies:
Nature sets us no task,
Our whole Life's a Mask
Compos'd of Songs and Dances.

[*The four Gods dance with the four Ladies.*

Syl. The Satyr acts the *Roman* [*To* Tetrick.
Tet. Yes, I made [*aside.*
Princess *Violinda Philomel*, to mind
Th'old Prince of's wife's barbarity to's daughter.
Bri. By the Princesse
The Company's desir'd to stay, and hear
What she'l discover for the Publick Good.
Syl. The Publick Good?
Fro. Perhaps she may build Temples,
Now that she's in the habit of a Goddesse.
Tet. When she does any Good, Publick or Private,
Let none think that I'm vers'd in both the Globes,
If th'Earth does not rise up, or the Skie fall.

Pon.

Pon. Juſtice and Truth compel me to reveal
A *ſecret*, which Diſcretion would conceal:
But I'l reveal it to no private Ear;
All are concern'd, and therefore all ſhall hear.
If any think it ſtange, that I expreſs
My ſerious thoughts in ſuch a fained Dreſs,
Know, ſince by his ſad fate your Prince was curs't
To marry me, this Habit is the firſt
In which I've done no miſchief; Treaſon ſtains
My Princely Robes: and if my Hand retains
The native whiteneſs, tis not that I'm Good,
But that I could not take the dye of Blood.
So foul as I never had Woman been,
Had but my Pow'r been equal to my Spleen:
My Husband's life I did to Hell devote,
Malice, which Hell it ſelf would not promote;
But the juſt wrath of Heav'n turn'd my Deſign
Laid againſt him and his, on me and mine;
To murder *Violinda*, Rogues I hir'd,
To raviſh *Cæſarina* they Conſpir'd;
And when I thought a Dagger to have ſtuck
In *Filamor*, at *Adolph*'s Heart I ſtruck.
Who would be wicked? when the very Crime
Conceiv'd, torments our Souls, and at the time
When 'tis deliver'd, like an Engin broke,
Deſtroys us with the force of our own ſtroke.
Forgive me all that bear a Prince's Name,
The glorious Title which ſets off my ſhame;
And you, dear Pledges of my Lord's firſt Bed,
With mercy look upon the tears I ſhed;
Now that you ſee my traitorous Offence
Waſh'd in theſe ſtreams of Publick Penitence;

In one Orb let us near Relations move,
Forget my Hatred, and embrace my Love.

[*She rises up.*

Syl. The Devil, out of all his Languages,
Could not pick words more moving.
Tet. Yet they work not,
The Prince sits still.
Syl. Though she stands up to Court him.
Tet. If any man believes the secret of
The Princess's Repentance, let him speak.
Syl. Their very silence has pronounc'd her door.
Pon. The hope of comfort adds but to my grief,
For I see, all I say finds no belief;
But when in Charge against my self I bring
Facts out of which your fears and dangers spring;
You'l answer, what security affords,
The soft contexture of a few good words;
I grant, they rather may your Fears increase,
And therefore I'l give Hostages of Peace:
My *Adolph* bound in Love's eternal Bands,
I'l render into *Violinda*'s Hands;
And *Filamor* (by sacred *Hymen*'s leave)
Shall *Cæsarina* from my hand receive.

[Pontia *rises, and goes to joyn their hands.*

Come *Cæsarina*, give the Prince your self.
Cæsarina. From me what is not due to *Filamor*,
Who, with his life in's hand, rescu'd my Honour?
Adolph. Did not I propheſy? dear *Filamor?*
Ca. The Prince, in lieu of his, may claim my Life,
But not my Slavery; I'l be no man's Wife.
Violinda. She speaks my resolution.
Filamor. Do y' hear *Adolph?*
Now who's the Prophet?

Ad.

Ad. Thou art----the blind Prophet;
I am the Seer; they are ours as ſure
As we are theirs---- } Sylvanus *ſits down in*
Pon. I'l try another Speech---- } *the Chair of State.*
Ha! who preſumes to take my place? what's he?
Tet. A Judge, bound by his oath, when he hears Treaſon
Confeſs'd, to doom the Parricide to death.
Pon. No Judge ſhall doom me, but the Prince my Husband.
Sylvanus *diſcovers himſelf.*
Syl. Behold the Husband to whom you appeal,
A Judge, bound by the honour of my word,
When you firſt ſought my life, that if you ever
Committed a new Treaſon, you ſhould die:
There needs no form of Law, from your own mouth
A clowd of Witneſſes have prov'd your Treaſon;
Nor will we torture you with hearing it
Repeated, nor with your accurſed blood
Will we prophane *Diana's* ſacred Grove.
Be it decreed, That in the Lawne, the place
Where by thy Gladiators *Violinda*
Should have been murder'd, thou ſhalt loſe thy head.
A guard: away with her, but give her time
(So it exceed not half an hour) to pray.
Pon. Vengeance is ſlow, but certain. I have vext
This World too long, diſpatch me to the next.
Fil. Doubt nothing *Adolph*, I'l ſecure her life:
Tetrick, you have too far ingag'd my Father,
'Twas never my intention, ſhe ſhould die.
Tet. 'Tis your own buſineſs, you may do't your way
And ſave her life, that ſhe may ruine you.
Fil. Nay I would have her out of hope to live,
That ſhe may really repent, but then

Dear *Tetrick* (thou command'ſt the Guards) reprieve her:
Do't at my perill.

Tet. I am like to do it
At my own peril too; but I'l obey you.

Fil. Come friend, and as we go, tell *Cæſarina* [*To* Adolph
How careful I am to preſerve your Mother.

[*Exeunt all but* Fromund *and Brianella.*

Fro. What a ſtrange Monſter your great Miſtreſs is,
That neither her ſon nor her daughter open
Their lipps for her?

Bri. But do you think ſhe'l die?

Fro. Unleſs ſhe has, like *Nile*, more Heads then one,
One head's condemn'd, I'l ſee't cut off, your ſervant.

Bri. But heark you *Fromund*; I took you to be
An honeſt man.

Fro. Do y' find the contrary?

Bri. Troth, 'tis no ſign of exc'lent honeſty
To profeſs love to me, and in a time
Of danger leave me to my Fortune.

Fro. Why?
Are you in any danger?

Bri. Then you know not
I was my Lady's Coy-duck, to bring in
Prince *Filamor*?

Fro. Piſh! a poor little Treaſon,
They'l never mind you, now they've got the Princeſs.

Bri. This all the care you take for her that loves you?

Fro. I underſtand not loving; will you marry?

Bri. Who?

Fro. Me.

Bri. Do you call marrying, loving?

Fro. Yes.

Bri. Then I will love you.
Fro. Then I'l ſecure you.
But will you not break promiſe when you'r ſafe?
Bri. No, I hate baſeneſs; I have lov'd you long,
But I'm ſo baſhful, I ſhould ſcarce have own'd it,
If this unlucky occaſion had not offer'd
It ſelf.
Fro. Well, Madam, I have caught you now.
Bri. I hope you'l keep me
Fro. Safe---- [*Enter* Tetrick *running.*
Tét. Undone, undone!
Fro. Who's undone?
Tet. Every good man, you'r undone.
Bri. Muſt I be hang'd?
Tet. No (drown you) you'l ſcape th'halter,
That falls to our ſhares; but no matter what
Becomes of us: *Sylvanus*----
Fro. What of him?
Tet. Loſt! all's loſt, *Pontia* reſcu'd, we are now
Her Slaves.
Fro. How's this poſſible?
Tet. Hear, and wonder:
We came into the Lawne; and though 'twas meant
Pontia ſhould live, ſhe knew't not, but compos'd
Her ſelf to die, ſo mildly, that it ſtruck
Into aſtoniſhment all the beholders;
Such a dead ſtilneſſe was upon the place,
'Twas like a Sea becalm'd; when, in an inſtant,
The Storm breaks forth, thund'ring came *Pontia*'s Horſe,
And in the head of them her Gen'rall *Criſpus*:
Our Guards (amaz'd before) now as if they
Had ſeen in th'Enemies ſhields the *Gorgon*'s head

(Which had the petrifying quality)
Turn'd Statues; ſtood ſtill, whilſt the *Maldeners*
Bound them; and *Criſpus*, like young *Perſeus*,
Releas'd the condemn'd Princeſſe, ſeiz'd the Prince
And Principality of *Verulam*:
They took me Pris'ner, but the General
(When he was told my Name, remembering
He had read my Book of Fortification)
Freed me.

Fro. Then we may live to free our Maſters;
Nay, we may ſpeak Treaſon before this Lady;
She has promis'd me marriage.

Bri. Since when, pray?
I'l be judg'd by this learned Gentleman;
You ſaid, that marrying was loving; I
Anſwer'd, that I would love you; but I hope
I did not ſay, that I would marry you:
Alas, poor Fool; O brave, brave General!

Fro. The General's the Man, and I'm the Fool; [*aſide.*
You will not have me?

Bri. Firſt, I'l ſee you hang'd.

Fro. But though in point of Love you have deceived me,
Upon th' account of Gratitude; I hope
You'l beg my life?

Bri. That's all you have to beg,
Y' have neither Lands nor Goods; but I'm too rich
To be a Beggar upon any ſcore.

Fro. To ſave your Life, I would have ventur'd mine.

Bri. But your ſimplicity's no rule for me;
In ſober ſadneſs, I will never marry
You, nor eſpouſe your Danger: So adieu,
Kind younger Brother, do what you were born to,
Shift for your ſelf: O brave, brave General!

Tet. Come *Fromund*, follow me, I know the Woods,
I'l lead thee to a place of ſweet receſſe,
Where we'l enjoy our ſelves, and never think
Of Women more.
Bri. But riſe up Bard and Driud.
[*Exeunt* Tetrick *and* Fro.
Farewel Philoſophers, and welcome General.

Enter Pontia, Criſpus, *and Souldiers.*

Pontia. Command in our Name, upon pain of death,
That none preſume to pillage, or take Pris'ner
Any of my Subjects of *Verulam*,
Unleſs that Subject deſperately rebel,
And put his Country in Blood.
Brianella. O Heav'n!
And have I liv'd to ſee my Princely Miſtreſſe
Soveraign of *Verulam*?
Pon. My Soveraignty
And Life I owe to my Lord General.
Bri. What Virgin would not love ſo brave a man?
Madam, Remember now your gracious Promiſe,
And move the General for me.
Pon. Your beſt time
Will be when buſineſs of the War is over;
For, Marriages are buſineſſes of Peace.
Bri. O Madam, when your Highneſs was concern'd,
I put not you off to a better time.
Pon. If you'l not take adviſe, then take your Fortune;
My Lord, you know this Lady?
Criſpus. Brianella.
Pon. You know her quality?
Criſ. That ſhe's the richeſt
In all your Principality of *Malden*;

In

In all your Court of *Verulam* the greateſt,
For ſhe's your Fav'rite.
Pon. She would be your wife;
I have ingag'd to uſe my pow'r with you----
Criſ. Not to make her my wife? y'are not in earneſt?
Pon. In earneſt.
Bri. So am I.
Criſ. And ſo am I,
Never to marry a Property.
Bri. Property?
Criſ. A Property for Murder, was not ſhe
Us'd for the intrapping of Prince *Filamor*?
Madam, to me you made another Promiſe,
By which you are oblig'd to baniſh her.
Pon. My word's paſt, ſo's her greatneſs: *Brianella*,
If to our Court thou com'ſt after this day,
Thou dy'ſt.
Bri. But I may ſee your Husband dye
Before I go; then, I hope, you'l perform
Your other Promiſe to the General;
For, it ſeems, you have promis'd him your ſelf;
Give you Joy--- of my Curſes, I've one day [*aſide.*
Yet left to curſe you; hang me, if I pray. [*Exit* Brian.
Pon. My Fav'rite's baniſh'd; now Sir do you think
That I'l perform my Promiſe?
Criſ. If you were
A real Convert, of your own accord
You would have baniſh'd all ſuch Inſtruments,
Pon. I have been ſo long wicked, that no man
Will credit my Repentance, but diſtruſt
From *Criſpus* wounds me.
Criſ. Why then (I beſeech you)
Do y' keep your Husband and his Children Pris'ners?

Pon. Why

Pon. Why are you ſo preſumptious as to ask?
Who made you our Examiner? your duty
Is to attend, till we declare our ſelf.

Enter Brianella *and a Footman.*

Bri. Bid the Groom bring my Horſes to the Gate.
Pon. Stay, *Brianella.*
Bri. Sure, you'l let me go.
Pon. Believe't I'l ſooner part with my new Conqueſt;
After you were commanded to withdraw,
My Promiſe being debated, 'twas reſolv'd
Upon the Queſtion, that you ſhould be ſtill
My Favorite.
Criſ. Great hope of her amendment. [*aſide.*
Pon. Sir, you ſhall now have proof of our Repentance,
Call in the Pris'ners. [*Exit* Criſpus.
Bri. To reſtore me to
Your favour, was the General conſenting?
Pon. He hates thee, as I hate him, mortally.
Bri. Shall he live?
Pon. Poorly; thou ſhalt ſee him cruſh'd
To his firſt Nothing.
Bri. Mighty General,
'Twill elevate my Soul to ſee thy Fall:
There is a Pleaſure in Revenge, above
The *expectation* or the *joyes* of Love.
And to revenge my ſelve on thee, is *juſt*;
But the betraying of Prince *Filamor*, [*aſide,*
Who never injur'd me, was *baſe*: Some power
That, as I do, pities that noble Prince,
Put it into her Heart, to ſpare his life
One *hour*, and I'l make uſe of her new Favour
To expiate my Crime; I'l now Charm Her,
And free him from his cruel Step-Mother.

Enter

Enter Adolph, Cæsarina, Crispus, Sylvanus, Filamor, Violinda *and the Guard.* Pontia *sits.*

Pon. Old man, who hast outliv'd Humanity,
From me what can'st expect?
Syl. What thou deserv'st,
Death: death, to which my Justice sentenc'd thee,
I do expect now from thy Cruelty;
And I'l meet th'Axe with such a Resolution
As shall (if thou dar'st be a looker on)
Shake thy weak Soul into another Swound.
Though I liv'd under thy Reign like a Waman,
Yet I'l die like a Man.
Pon. Since you'r so brave,
I'l not take pattern by your former baseness;
For, Sir, when I was to have lost my head,
No state was thought upon, no Princes order'd
To follow me; You shall have *Filamor*
And *Violinda* to bear up your train.
Between your Sentence and my Execution,
Your wither'd narrow heart could afford me
But half an hour; I'l give you a whole hour.
Syl. Bountiful wife, you are extream obliging.
Bri. My Pray'r is heard, I'l now serve *Filamor.* [*aside.*
Vio. *Filamor*, what is Death?
Fil. Better than Life,
'Tis Nature's greater bounty, for we may
Improve it to an immortality
Of Fame, by dying nobly.
Vio. I have liv'd
By *Cæsarina*'s rule, by yours I'l dye.

Cæ. Oh, name not dying; though my Mother has
Condemn'd you, yet Heav'n cannot be so cruell.

Pon. Capito take you charge of the old man,
And my Lord Gen'rall to your Custody,
We do commit his Children.

[*Exit* Pon. Capito, *and* Sylvanus.

Crif. Here's Reward
For all my Services, I am preferr'd
To th'Office of a Marshall.

Ad. May we two
With your permission, my Lord Generall,
Speak with your Pris'ners?

Crif. At your pleasure, Sir:
For, as to that, I am not limited,
And I'l put no Restraint upon my self.

Cæ. You ever were a Person of great honour.

Crif. Therefore in this base Charge my Shame's the more;
To serve my Prince I never blush'd before. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Pontia *sitting, and writing the Superscription of a Letter;*
Brianella *standing by her, on the Table lyes*
a Parchment.

Bri. FOr taking of the Pris'ners from the Generall,
That Letter to Prince *Adolph* I procur'd,
Which shews there is a justice in my nature,
I hope 'twill save the life of *Filamor*
Whom I wrong'd: and I'm sure 'twill take away
The last remainder of his Trust from *Crispus*,

Enter Capito.

Who wrong'd me----my Lord Generall *Capito*,
The Princesse call'd for you: he minds not me?
I have no fortune to these Generalls.

Capito *kisses* Pontia's *hand.*

Pontia. My Lord, you'r rais'd to the command in chief
Over our Forces, by obeying us.
Capito. Madam, my Will is vassal to your Pleasure,
You are my Gen'rall, not to be ask'd, *Why*,
But *What* you please; and that I'l do, or die.
Pon. First, show to *Crispus* your Commission,
And vacate his: then take you charge of th'Army,
Which we design'd you two hours since, when he
Gave rules to us, but I was forc'd to use him,
Till to this height he rais'd my Soveraignty.

Now

Now *Verulam* is ours, the Building's finish'd,
And we'l take down the Scaffolds.
Bri. Such a fall [*aside.*
May all the proud Men have, who scorn kind Women.
Pon. In the last place, double your Guards, that we
May prevent suddain tumults, and attempts
In favour of the condemn'd Princes, they
(I doubt) have Parties in our Camp and Court;
But were it in our own veins they should bleed.
Cap. Without distinction, whosoere lifts his hand
Against your pow'r, shall feel the weight of mine.
Please to dismiss me, that I be not straiten'd
In point of time?
Pon. Go, and be fortunate.
Cap. Fortune, my Goddess, is great *Pontia*'s hand-maid.
Pon. I forgot one particular; I'l send
This Lady to you, when she comes, do you
Return, and bring *Crispus* to us.
Cap. I shall. [*Exit* Capito.

Pontia *gives the Letter to* Brianella.

Pon. There *Brianella*, I have writ to *Adolph*
As you desir'd, I can deny you nothing;
But yet to trust my Son with custody
Of *Violinda* and *Filamor* (the Prince
Being my Son's Friend, the Princess his Mistris,
(Should Love against his Interest byas him)
May be of dangerous consequence.
Bri. Prince *Adolph*,
To preserve them, will not lose *Verulam*.
Pon. I see *Brianella* is for *Filamor*: [*aside.*
Well, I will venture't, upon your account,
Though *Adolph* may deceive me.

Bri. I hope he will. [*aside.*

Pon. Give him that Letter, in which is inclos'd
A diſcharge of our lateſt truſt to *Criſpus.*

Bri. Then *Criſpus* (whether bound for *Heav'n* or *Hell*)
She, whom you ſcorn'd, ſhall toul your paſſing Bell.

Pon. Away, leave me to perfect my own ſtory;
I'l add to my two Crowns a third of Glory.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Adolph, Filamor, *and* Cæſarina.

Filamor. We have out-walk'd the General and my Siſter;
Let's tarry for them?

Adolph. By no means, leaſt Fate
Should overtake you; th' Executioner
Is ſetting up your Scaffold: *Filamor*
Stands now upon the Verge of Life and Death;
Here is a Grave, and there's a Sanctuary:
Behind that Hedge I've laid for you a Horſe,
A Fleeter's not in *Britain*; mount him, fly.

Cæſarina. As for your noble Siſter and your Father,
(When once my Mother knows that you'r eſcap'd)
She will not dare to touch them; fly.

Fil. How? fly?
You heard the General take my Parol,
And would my Friends have me to ſave my Life
Loſe th'end for which Man lives, Honour?

Cæ. O Sir,
Under the notion of a private man
Conſider not your ſelf, on you depend
Thouſands of Subjects Lives.

Ad. And a whole race
Of unborn Princes.

Fil. To

Fil. To preſerve Mankind;
I'd not break my Ingagement; though till now
I never valu'd life, yet when 'tis offer'd
By thoſe I prize above life, I am bound
In honour to refuſe it.
Ad. 'Tis too late [*Enter* Criſpus *and* Violinda.
To paſs now; here's your Keeper, but I'l make
Way through him with my ſword, I'l fight with *Criſpus*.
Violinda. I hope you'l not fight with the Generall
That uſes us with ſuch Civility,
'Tis *Pontia*, not *Criſpus*, that condemn'd us;
And we had rather ſuffer death, than you
Should reſcue us with hazard of your life.
Cæ. Firſt let me move him: My Lord Generall,
Fame gives you ſuch a noble Character,
That I can't think you a willing Inſtrument
In the injuſtice done to theſe two Princes.
Criſpus. Madam, to ſhew how my Obedience
Has been conſtrain'd to act againſt my Will,
If an exchange of Lives may be admitted,
I'l die to excuſe them.
Cæ. That you may do,
And not die, only wink at their Eſcape-
Criſ. No, then my Honour dyes.
Cæ. Honour and Fortune
Shall recompence that Piety.
Criſ. More Titles
Than *Cæſar* claimes, and all the ſparkling Gold
Into the Sea with ebbing *Tagus* roll'd,
Cannot buy me out of a ſacred Truſt:
Poor Criſpus may be, but he will be *juſt*.

Ad.

Ad. Criſpus, with a Friend's arm I could embrace thee,
Were not thy worth deſtructive to my Friends;
But now I'l meet thee as an enemy.

As Adolph *offers to draw, Enter* Capito *and Souldiers.*

Capito? what newes?

Capito. Such as does amaze
The Meſſenger, that Parchment will inform
You, my Lord Generall.

Criſ. I kiſs her Name [*Enter* Brianella.
That ſign'd it, and ſo vaniſhes my power;
'Tis *Capito*'s the Generall: Have y' Order
To take the pris'ners from me?

Brianella. That's my Office;
For I bring up the rear of your Diſcharges,
This is your laſt: by this you'r will'd to leave
Your Pris'ners with Prince *Adolph*.

Criſ. Then theſe are
My laſt Commands?

Cap. No; we two muſt attend
The Princeſs, after we have view'd the Army.

Criſ. My Lord, I'l wait on you, as cheerfully
As ever I charg'd with you.

Bri. Go thy way
In quiet; though I long, I have no power
To inſult o're thee, thou'rt ſo brave a man:
[*Exit* Capito, Criſpus, *and Souldiers.*
But to my buſineſs: humbly at your feet, [*She kneels.*
Prince *Filamor*, I beg your pardon, for
The impudent abuſe I put on You

To

To pleaſe my Miſtreſſe: but to make my ſelf
Capable of your mercy, I've us'd all
My intereſt with her to get that Letter
Which truſts you and your Siſter to your Friend;
Your Mother thought it dangerous, but my power
With her, prevail'd againſt her Reaſon.
Fil. Riſe,
For what your Prince commands, you may be excus'd,
I'm ſatisfy'd.
Ad. So am not I, to ſee
My Mother's favour thus miſplac'd on thee:
Out of my ſight; were not Women, like Prieſts,
Exempted from the power of the ſword,
I would have ki'lld thee.
Bri. It had been but Juſtice,
I do deſerve to die, and I deſerve not
To be believ'd.
Ad. Come Princes, I'l not truſt you
Out of my hands till I have lodg'd you ſafe.
Bri. Then you muſt ſee them out of *Verulam*
Within this half hour. [*Exit* Brianella.
Ad. This goes to my Mother; [*To* Filamor.
But my Friend and my Love ſhall go with me.
Cæ. We'l all be pris'ners, or we'l all be free.
[*Exeunt.*

In the Bards Cave,

Enter Tetrick *as the Conjurer*; *and* Fromund *with the Bard's Beard in his hand.*

Tetrick. Once more I'm the mock-Conjurer, the Gods
Or elſe the devill take her that's the cauſe on't!
Another Devil take mock-Prophecies,

They

They prove ſo true: when I made the Bard's Song,
Who would have thought thoſe canting words ſhould (prove
An Oracle?

Fromund. I'l be the Bard to purpoſe;
For, *Tetrick*, in theſe Fortune-telling Shapes,
As mighty *Pontia's* Prophets we ſhall paſſe
The regiment drawn up to guard the Scaffold.

Tet. Then if the Generall ſcape my dagger, he
Shall have Prince *Adolph's* luck, but *Criſpus* is not
So well bred as to wear a Lady's Picture
Next to his heart.

Fro. Strike home, I'l ſecond thee;
By my hand the Lievtenant-Generall falls:
Prince *Adolph* may then be the Generall,
And he'l protect the Princes: what becomes
Of thee and me, no matter.

Tet. As I live, [*Enter* Brianella.
Thy Miſtris, coming hither, do thou ſlip
Behind theſe Buſhes; as I promis'd thee,
I'l diſpatch thy love-buſineſs, if w'have time.

[*Exit* Fromund.

Brianella. Within there?

Tet. Who's without there?

Bri. *Brianella.*

Tet. Go ſee the Princes die.

Bri. No, they'r ſafe in
Prince *Adolph's* hands, that one good deed I've done.

Tet. Then to the Bard's Cave you are kindly welcome;
(Now I may fool a little) what's your pleaſure? [*aſide.*

Bri. Is the good Woman here, ſhe that tells fortunes?

Tet. You mean my pretty Miſtris, the old Witch;
She's riding on her diſtaff into *Lapland*,
(To morrow being our Wedding-day) to fetch

Her

Her Gemmes, and all her Parafarnalia:
Before she set forth, she commanded me,
I should examine all the Stars that shin'd
At your Nativity, for a Generall
To be your husband: take't upon my word,
The Planets know not any Generall
That loves you.

Bri. I hate Generalls, can you tell
My husband's name?

Tet. Ill news I'l tell you, Madam;
My reverend Spouse went away in a whirlwind;
Poor heart, the saddest soul; you'l hardly guess
What griev'd her, the losse of your Saphyr-Ring,
For which I set a figure, and t'appears
Your Ring was lost by a strange providence,
For he that finds it is to be your Husband.

Bri. What if I like him not?

Tet. You'l only be
Torn in a hundred pieces.

Bri. If he be
Of the malignant party, or a rebell,
You shall tear me into a thousand pieces
Before I marry him.

Tet. The man that found it
(For now 'tis found) is of the Loyal Party.

Enter Fromund.

Fromund. Madam, I think, you dropt this Saphyr-ring?
I saw you passe, and strove to over-take you:
You were too nimble for me; but I kiss'd
The ground you trod upon, and there lay this.

Bri. 'Twas mine, 'tis yours, keep't, I'l take nothing from you
Which Fortune gives you.
Tet. Though it be her ſelf;
And (as the mouth of fortune) I pronounce,
'Tis ſo; come, let me joyn your hands in Marriage:
Now you are Man and Wife; I leave the reſt
For night, if we out-live this day, that looks
So black on *Verulam*, and our great Maſters.
Bri. Who's the Magician's Maſter, pray?
Fro. *Sylvanus*.
Bri. But the Magician is *Pontia*'s Creature.
Tet. Your humble Servant, Madam; do you know me?
[Tetrick *diſcovers himſelf*.
Bri. *Tetrick* the Conjurer?
Tet. *Fromund* was th'old Witch.
Fro. Yes faith, I was th'old Witch, an't pleaſe you Daughter.
Bri. Oh you'r rare Fortune-telling youths! but we
Are ſoon perſwaded to a thing we like:
For if I had not lov'd you----
Fro. And I you;
I would not have marry'd another Lady.
Bri. Nor would I've had another younger brother.
Tet. On, on; the Princes have imployment for us?
Fro. And We have Lives for them.
Bri. I'l be your guide.

Enter

Enter Adolph, Filamor, Cæſarina, Violinda, *and a Footman.*

Adolph. Our horſes are now come, I'l be your Convoy.
Filamor. You ſhall not give your ſelf that dangerous trouble.
Ad. I'l ſee you ſafe, out of my Mother's power.
Fil. Then you muſt ſee us die, for that determines
Your Mother's pow'r.
Ad. Why do you make a halt?
What do you mean?
Fil. I mean to go no further;
Filamor is now at his Journey's end,
Here I'l lay down the burden of my life,
And reſt.
Ad. Defend me! this is ſuch a Madneſs,
That 'tis infectious, it diſtracts me too;
Will you ſtay, till your laſt hour be run out?
Will you be acceſſary (not alone
To your own death, but) to the murder of
Your Father, and your Siſter?
Fil. Should I ſcape
By a baſe flight, my Father's age would fall
At *Pontia*'s feet a bleeding Sacrifice:
Forgive me, Siſter; for thy tender Youth
My heart bleeds through my eyes. [Filamor *weeps.*
Vio. Do not afflict
Your ſelf for me; the World is full of Ladies,
And I ſhall not be miſs'd in that great Crowd:
But howſoever, when you go to find
Another World, I would not ſtay behind.

Ad. Do y' pitty her ſweet youth? and are y'unmov'd
With her mind's bravery? how eaſily
Will you leave us? [*he takes* Cæſarina *by the hand.*

Fil. As the ſoul leaves the body;
Forc'd to it by fatall neceſſity:
For a memorial of my love, I make you
My Heirs, between you divide *Verulam.*

Ad. Let a Sea-breach (to quench thy Funeral Fire)
Swallow up *Verulam*, and *Malden* firſt:
But whence comes this fatall neceſſity?
You think to fly, is baſe? who ever ſtood
More upon honour then th'old *Romans*? yet,
After his *Cimbrian* Triumph, *Marius* fled
And *begg'd* near conquer'd *Carthage*; you ſhall live
Like a Prince ſtill.

Fil. I muſt not live at all;
And better die by the hand of Injuſtice,
Then by my own hand: in a word, I'm barr'd
From my love, and I'l not accept my life.

Ad. Do y'hear this, *Cæſarina*? now you know,
Your reſolution is the cauſe of his;
He will not live, becauſe you will not love him:
Though *Filamor* might live long, if my Siſter
Were not more barbarous to him than my Mother:
For ſhe's his enemy, death from her muſt be
Expected: You, his friend, may get him off,
And yet you leave him to his enemy's mercy.

Cæ. Farwell, brave *Filamor*; a point is ſtarted
Which makes me take my leave.

Vio. You ſhall not go;
Though for my own life I was not concern'd,
Yet, *Cæſarina*, for my brother's ſafety
I muſt petition you.

Cæ. Move

Cæ. Move not a Suit,
I cannot grant.
Vio. Can you not grant one Suit,
To ſave two Lives?
Ad. Nay Siſter, you may go:
But yet, remember, he, you leave to die,
Reſcu'd your honour.
Cæ. 'Tis impoſſible,
I can preſerve his life without deſtroying
My own contentment; therefore, *Filamor*,
Your intereſt has the preference, I am yours.
Fil. I am I know not what, my Joy's ſo vaſt,
It puts an Army's ſtrength into my nerves.
To horſe, to horſe, I'l bear this Prize away
Through Groves of Pikes.
Ad. Stay, ſtay till I be ready;
I'l not fight, till *Violinda* gives the word:
Madam, you know, I had your gracious promiſe,
When ſhe was his Wife, that you would be mine?
Vio. Well *Adolph*, by her copy I'm your wife:
But Sir, if ſhe had not been forc'd to render,
I would have held out, till I had been older
And wiſer, for I underſtand not Love.
Ad. Dear Madam, I'l inſtruct you---now let's charge--

Enter Tetrick, Fromund, *and* Brianella.

Tetrick. Your Miſtreſſes; this Coupling-time's the death
Of more Wild-fowl then all the Year beſides;
Look, here's another pair, of Widgeons, catch'd,
And I am in the Net for company:
Th'Army has hedg'd---about the Grove, one Paſſe
Is only open, at which we came in.

Fil.

Fil. No matter; *Hannibal* wrought through the Rock.
Ad. Our Swords are ſharper then his Vinegar.
Tet. Yet, my young *Hannibals*, pray, view your danger?
Fil. That's requiſite; come dear.
Ad. Come, [*He offers to kiſs* Violinda.
Vio. What would you do?
Ad. I'd only kiſs my heart into more courage.
Vio. Speak ſoftly, Sir, for fear your Mother hear you,
And then, you will be chid abominably. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontia, Capito, Criſpus, *and Officers of the Army.*

Pontia. *Criſpus*, you ſee, your Greatneſs, like our Coin,
Ev'n when 'twas *Yours* was *Ours*; wee've call'd it in
As a baſe Mettal, that diſhonours us.
Criſpus. I'm what you pleaſe, but only----
Pon. No Proviſo's.
Yet will you own the Juſtice of my Cauſe,
And act in the reducing of the Pris'ners,
And th'Army for their Generall ſhall own you?
Criſ. Firſt, do like *Xerxes*, cut me into halves:
Then lay me, where the moving Army may
March through their Generall.
Pon. Make him cloſe Pris'ner.
Capito. Take *Criſpus* to your Cuſtody, admit
None to ſpeak with him. } *Exit* Criſpus
Pon. Yet your Emiſſaries } *guarded.*
May be deceiv'd.
Capi. One in a tree (cloſe by them)
Saw them joyn hands.
Pon. It ſeems they'r marry'd then,

Yet

Yet ſince *Adolph*'s ingag'd, I'd have them taken
Without a drop of blood.
Capi. That cannot be,
Unleſs we ſend out more Spyes to diſcover,
Before the Princes come to fight, what place
They leave the Ladies in: If they be taken,
Adolph and *Filamor* will lay down their arms,
As I ſhall work it.
Pon. Go, diſpatch your Spyes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Filamor, Cæſarina, Adolph, Violinda, Fromund, Brianella, *and* Tetrick.

Tetrick. None believes my Predictions but your Mother;
You'r in a Pound now, get out as you may.
Filamor. The Paſſe, at which you came, is ſlighteſt guarded,
Let's break out there.
Adolph. Where ſhall the Ladies be?
Fro. In the Bard's Cave, for there they will be ſafe.
Tet. Your Mother has a reverence for the place,
She'l violate a Temple e're ſhe'l take e'm
Out of that Cave.
Fil. The Counſell is not ill;
To the Bard's Cave we'l wait upon our Loves,
If we break through, we'l ſend for you at night:
But if the Army comes in to Prince *Adolph*,
We'l ſee you preſently.
Ad. And if we fall,
(Nay, weep not, Dear) we will have company
Into the Stars, if the rogues go not downward.
Vio. 'Tis only Multitudes that I'm afraid of.

Cæ. When *Filamor* fights, I can fear no odds,
His Cauſe is Honour's, Love's, and all the Gods.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontia, Capito, *and Souldiers.*

Pontia. Your Spyes are not come in?
Capito. They've had no time
For a diſcovery yet: do y' know theſe, Madam? } Capito *pulls out a Letter, and two Purſes.*
Pon. The Jewells which I gave the Gladiators.
Cap. One would think, you ſprung from that fortunate King,
Whoſe Jewells, loſt at Sea, came to his Table
Serv'd up i'th belly of a Fiſh.
Pon. Where are
The Villains?
Capi. This account the Letter gives:
Barnet-Woods were laid for them; by your Order:
Our Souldiers follow'd, and came up ſo cloſe;
The rogues, for their laſt refuge, were conſtrain'd
To imitate Merchants in a ſtorm, who ſave
Themſelves, by caſting over-board their *Treaſure*:
So, emptying into their hands theſe purſes,
They ſew'd th'unplough'd Earth with your Gold and Jewells;
And whil'ſt our covetous men gather'd them up,
The Gladiators fled; and here's your Own.
Pon. And they have their reward, a fearful Judgment;
Their Lives are ſav'd, but their Livelihood's loſt,
And that's more horrid then the death they fear'd;
For in this Iſle they dare not ſtay, nor dare they
Go to the Continent, leſt their Countrymen

(Who

(Who command there) ſhould hang them; they muſt ſtarve.
[*Enter a Spie, and whiſpers* Capito.
You look as if we had our wiſh, what news?
Cap. How infinitely fortunate are you,
The Ladies in the Bard's Cave are ſecur'd.
Pon. For Us, not for Themſelves.
Capi. My men have orders;
The Princeſſes ſhall be brought in, to face
The Princes, there they come; I will amuze them
Till the work's done.
Pon. They ſhall not ſee me yet. [Pontia *goes aſide.*

Enter Filamor, Adolph, Tetrick *and* Fromund, *with their Swords drawn.*

Capi. Princes, what means this fury, that you brave
With a few hands the ſtrength of a whole Army?
Pray, tell me, what do you rely upon,
Your ſelves? or others? do y' look for Aſſiſtance?
It muſt come down from heav'n, and there dwells none
That will aſſiſt a Son againſt a Mother: } *He points*
Nor will heav'n own a Cauſe it has deſerted? } *to* Filamor.
With *Adolph* Nature's angry, and the Gods
With *Filamor*: If to your ſelves you truſt,
Reaſon will tell you, four before four thouſand
Muſt fall to th'Earth's cold arms, from whence they [ſprung:
So that you only can expect to have
From *Heav'n* a Thunderbolt, from th'*Earth* a Grave.
Fil. Our Anſwer's in our hands.
Capi. Hold *Filamor*, } Capito *gives the ſign*
If you have no compaſſion for your } *to the Centree, and then*
ſelf, } Sylvanus *is brought in*
} *by an Executioner.*

Look on the ſnow that lyes upon that head,
Which muſt be taken off, at the firſt blow
You ſtrike.

Syl. Filamor, if thou pitty'ſt me,
Strike quickly, and let me die, any death,
So I may be rid of my wife, I care not.

Capi. Poor Prince, the Grief to ſee his Son ſo wilful,
Diſtracts him.

Syl. If he will not hold his prating,
Cut his throat, *Filamor*; charge them, that my Soul
May have her liberty, a thouſand bleſsings
Upon the hand, that fighting moves this Engine
To ſtrike my head off and divorce me from
My brutiſh wife.

Fil. We ſhall obey you, Sir.

As the Princes are coming on, the Princeſſes are diſcovered under a Guard in the Bard's Cave.

Capi. Hold, once more; Princes take heed what y do
How ſhowes this Object? { Pontia *ſhewes*
Fil. Caſarina taken? { *her ſelf.*

Pontia. Yes, *Filamor*; ſhe that was once my child,
Is now my priſ'ner: when ſhe marry'd thee,
I diſclaim'd her: I look upon her now
As on a Rebell, yet her life I'l pardon,
If you lay down your Arms.

Fil. Immediately,
A *Roman* would not pauſe in ſuch a Caſe.

{ *He turns his Sword on his own Breaſt.*

Pon. If you but offer at your life, ſhe dyes.

Ad. Friend, there's no ſtruggling againſt Fate, give me
Thy Sword; There *Capito*, with my own I render

Prince

Prince *Filamor*'s Arms, he ſhall not kill himſelf,
Let's Enemy do that office, I'l wait on him.
Pon. So, now I'm all that I can wiſh to be;
O 'tis the Queen of all Felicities
To have full pow'r to *reward* and *revenge*.
Bring the late General *Criſpus*, that I may { Criſpus
At one time cut off all my Enemies. { *guarded.*
Firſt, *Filamor*, to you----I give my Daughter;
To your Siſter my Son, and to my Son
I give my Principality of *Malden*,
For I'l depend only upon my husband:
For whoſe pardon and love thus low I beg.
Syl. Rely on me, and you'l be a good Wife,
Then I ſhall ſtudy to forget your Evill,
And love you for your Goodneſs.
Fil. With my thanks
For this ineſtimable Guift, I crave
Your pardon for my incredulity
When you return'd to Virtue.
Pon. That diſtruſt
Was univerſall, for which all have ſuffer'd;
And yet thus far I would not have purſued
Th'advantage fortune put into my hands,
But that I knew nothing could bring my Daughter
To Love's obedience, but the hope to ſave
His life who ſav'd her honour: To give her
That opportunity, I committed you
Both Pris'ners to your Friend.
Ca. I am bound to you
For my converſion to Love's Deity.
Pon. Adolph, for thee I have a ſecond Guift,
But greater then the firſt; into thy ſervice
And (nearer yet) into thy boſome take

This man of honour, thoroughly I've him, { *She presents* Crispus *to* Adolph.
He's *perfect*, use him, and he'l make thee *Great*.
Let him be Captain Generall of thy Army,
And give the Second Place to *Capito*,
Whose strict Obedience and prudent Conduct,
Makes him inferiour to none but *Crispus*.
Cris. Now *Pontia*, like the Planet of the Night,
Breaks from her clowd, and shews us her pure light.
Cap. Though one Prince limits my Obedience,
Two Sovereigns my bosome does contain,
For in my *heart Adolph* and *Pontia* reign.
Ad. *Me* and my *love* you've crown'd, and added these
Two rich Crown-jewels. { *He embraces* Crispus
Vio. I'm oblig'd to you { *and* Capito.
Both for my interest in the Crown and Prince.
Pon. *Fromund*, I joy you; and I'l move my husband
To add a Title of Honour to your Fortune.
Fro. Your Servant, Madam.
Bri. Well, you are a Witch,
You told me, I should be Right Honourable.
Pon. *Tetrick*, to make you a Fortune, take this gold
And Jewells.
Tet: Nay, since Fortune smiles upon me,
I'l not be testy now: I humbly thank you.
Pon. *Let us all thank Providence, that directs*
Bad Causes to produce such good Effects.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

EPILOGUE

To the HOUSE,

Spoken by

The STEP-MOTHER.

THe *Ancient* Britains *I have pleas'd; and now*
I come to their Deſcendents, to know how
You'l cenſure me; my Doom I fain would hear,
Yet, like you Lovers, what I hope, *I fear.*
But fear arrives too late, the time is paſt;
No going leſſe, when once the Dice are caſt,
Whether I fairly paſſe, *or have* thrown out,
You are to judge; pray, put me out of doubt.

THE

THE EPILOGUE TO THE KING.

HAppy were those who Englisſh *Playes firſt writ,*
They flouriſh'd in the golden times *of Wit;*
Ripe Harveſts then from Old and Modern Scenes
Th'Induſtrious Poet reap'd, *but now he* gleans:
In that kind Age every one prais'd all Playes,
No mercy's *in the Criticks of our dayes.*
The Authour knew theſe Diſadvantages,
Yet ventur'd, hoping his deſire *to pleaſe;*
May Royall Pitty move: You repreſent
That Pow'r, which for the act *accepts th'*intent.

FINIS.